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## THE FRENCH DEBATES.

ENGLISHMEN are watching with natural anxiety and interest what is going on in the French Chamber. The SPEAKER informs his constituents that he himself reads every morning the whole report of the French debates; and although few people can say the same, and no one has so much of the protecting rind of custom to shield him against the weariness of attending to long Parliamentary speeches, yet every one who takes any interest in political questions must find some matter for eager curiosity and for admiration in the discourses of the few picked leaders of the Chamber. It is surprising how far the interest of everything French, when the real power and life of the French mind is called into play, surpasses the interest which the proceedings of any other foreign nation can excite. There is a great amount of debating power in the Italian Chamber, and in Prussia there are Parliamentary leaders who are sensible, fluent, and even vigorous speakers. But then, as PORSON said of HERMAN—HERMAN'S a German. The Prussian and the Italian speeches are very well, but we do the same thing better in England. The rapid rhetoric, the unspiring prose, or the turgid declamation of American speakers place them out of the pale of what, in England, we consider good speaking, and are only defended, even by friendly critics, on the plea that they are admirably adapted to the audience. But French speaking is of the highest kind in its own peculiar way, and it is reproduced in print in the one language that is understood by all educated persons. Whatever praise can be lavished on speaking which is simple in language and lofty in tone, which is addressed with consummate skill to the purpose in hand, which unites the adroitness of forensic oratory with the energy of sincere feeling, may be lavished on the discourses of the leaders of the French Opposition. There may be great inequality in the different performances, and a large share of defects and shortcomings in the best of them. But in all there is the unmistakable impress of a keen, sharp, subtle intellect. And this intellectual success itself is of great political importance at the present moment. Those who knew France best were always of opinion that the real question which the Empire had to solve was whether it could crush out the French mind. It might have been immaterial that there should be left, and should still from time to time arise, a few brilliant lights in philosophy, poetry, or science; but the Empire which attempted, or at least was supposed by its admirers to attempt, to force France wholly into one groove, and sink thought and feeling in the quiet bliss of an all-wise despotism, can evidently not retain this character if there exists and thrives beside it a strong and widely-spread intellectual movement. As one of the Opposition speakers remarked, a generation is now growing up which cannot remember the dangers of the year of revolution or profit by the experience it imparted. That this generation adheres to the Empire in the sense that it does not wish for the fruitless excitement of a change of dynasty, is beyond doubt. But to what Empire does it belong? To the Empire of the Imperialists, contenting men with railways and boulevards and medals and sickly novels and the gewgaws of a sham Catholic revival? or to some Empire scarcely to be reconciled with the theoretical Empire of the EMPEROR, in which the intellect of France shall have room to expand, and gain strength from the support of that moral energy which never fails intellectual movements at their outset, and shall taste the delight of applying itself to the practical settlement of great and serious affairs? It cannot be a matter of slight moment that the generation to which the appeal is made should have set before it such illustrations of what Frenchmen can do when the arena of public discussion is open to them as are offered by the discourses of speakers like MM. THIERS and BERRYER and JULES FAVRE.

It is easy to show that the leaders of the Opposition have no policy on which they are agreed, that they lay down no principles on which the Government of France can be carried on, that some of them are full of wrong notions and even misled by antiquated errors. M. THIERS has lately made one speech in which he has avowed himself an admirer of that scheme of centralized administration which he conceives to be the secret of the strength of France, and another in which he has shown that he is still a Protectionist. English critics naturally cry out that this will never do. It is a cardinal maxim with us that excessive centralization is adverse to liberty, and an Englishman who in these days avowed himself a Protectionist would dread being thought foolish even in the society of county members. The EMPEROR is wiser in his ideas of political economy than M. THIERS, and so the thought finds vent that the EMPEROR and not M. THIERS had better govern. It would seem, to judge from the remarks of some English journals, as if M. THIERS and the EMPEROR were regarded as having entered into a great competitive examination for the amusement and instruction of Europe, and especially of England. First one gets the most marks, and then the other. M. THIERS does best in enunciating the securities which ought to hedge round the free exercise of the elector's right to vote as he pleases. The EMPEROR does best when the true theory of exports and imports has to be laid down. And every one must allow that, if this were the way in which the destinies of nations are decided, the EMPEROR has considerable claims, and in some branches has done remarkably well. It is equally true that when the discussion in the French Chamber takes the character of mere personal attack, the spokesmen of the Government can find occasion to say some bitter truths to their adversaries. M. THIERS, who is so vehement now in decrying all interference with the liberty of voting, has done things in his time which require to be sheltered under the plea that a Parliamentary leader must do many very questionable things for the sake of his party. The representatives of the Republic offer even an easier target for the great *tu quoque* line of reasoning. The Empire can at least boast that it only coerces a minority in France, while the Republic notoriously coerces the majority in the names of Liberty and Paris. Nor is it easy to parry the argument that the very character and claim of the Empire is to give a strong Government to France, and that a strong Government, to be strong, must use and show its strength. All the reasoning of the Government speakers amounts to this, that their opponents know what the Empire is, and are absurd in asking it to be what it is not; while France knows what the Empire is, and has accepted it.

But after all this is admitted, and the EMPEROR has been marked properly high in some things, and M. THIERS properly low in others, and after it is acknowledged that it is silly to be a Protectionist, and that M. THIERS and his Republican supporters have been made strange bedfellows by a common misfortune, the one great question remains whether France cares for this new move towards political liberty or not. If France does not—if the new generation, being the children of those who were driven into a hopeless panic by the terrors of a Red Revolution, has learnt the wisdom of its parents, and asks for nothing but quiet seats under little trees on the edge of very wide streets, and has no other emotion stronger than that of blessing him who prevents the boulevards being torn up for barricades—then, however well M. THIERS may speak, and however furious may be the onslaught of Republican orators, nothing will come out of all this declamation. In that case the EMPEROR may be quite satisfied with being represented by M. ROUHER and M. ROULAND, and may soon begin again to have as large supplementary credits as he likes, and to found military colonies of the Latin race in Patagonia, or Bolivia, or wherever he pleases. But if a wish for political

liberty and for the excitement of domestic politics has begun, however faintly, to stir the heart of France, and if the intellect of France, which has lived like fire under ashes through 'so many eras of torpor and depression, is being kindled again into a new glow and fervour, then the efforts and the triumphs of men like the leaders of the Opposition, who are at once undeniably able and undeniably sincere, cannot fail to fan the rising flame. It is much too soon yet to say that there is any rising flame at all, or that the first blast of Imperial displeasure might not blow out all the quivering sparks. But no one can say that there is not a beginning. Some advance has been made. Things happen every day now which could not have happened under the Empire a year ago. In the last week, France has seen three contested elections carried against the Government, and a minority of sixty-two dividing against the Ministers in the Chamber. A few months ago it was said that all the Opposition might go home in a single cab, and now there are sixty-two Deputies found to vote against the EMPEROR's Government, although they and all men are repeatedly and most solemnly warned that to vote against the Government is to vote against the EMPEROR himself. Frenchmen, from their nature, from their education, and from the subjection to the police under which they live from the moment when the proper certificate assures them they are born, are generally without much moral courage; and Deputies belong to a class which generally is timid above all others. And yet sixty-two Deputies have voted against Government and the EMPEROR. There must be some force at work which is inspiring boldness into the hearts of waverers, and of this force the EMPEROR, in shaping his policy, can scarcely refuse to take account.

#### GERMANY AND DENMARK.

THE diplomatists of 1852 have, by their admirable sagacity, prepared a state of affairs in which the only chance of peace consists in a preliminary war. Amid the execrations of all Germany, which is clamorous for more stringent measures, Austria and Prussia have demanded a concession which Denmark has thus far withheld; and, unless their ultimatum is accepted when their forces reach the Eyder, they will invade Schleswig with a force which is so large as to render resistance almost impossible. On their way, they will practically supersede the Federal execution in Holstein; and henceforth they purpose to act in their capacity of great European Powers, without further reference to the mutinous Diet. Although they commence hostilities, they use the smallest possible severity to Denmark, inasmuch as they abstain for the present from recognising the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG. It is wonderful that such a result should be due to the collective wisdom of Europe, represented by some of its most experienced statesmen.

If the hands of the English Government had not been tied by previous engagements, no reasonable politician would now recommend any interference in the quarrel between Germany and Denmark. The motives which dictated the officious and impolitic Treaty of 1852 have long since ceased to operate, and it is not without an effort that the transaction can be even historically explained. As usual, England wished to secure the peace of Europe, though the means which were adopted now create the principal danger of war. Russia desired to control Germany, and to impose an obligation on Denmark. Prussia was influenced by a cowardly subservience to Russia, and Austria by a wish to triumph over Prussia and to end the revolution. The PRESIDENT of the French Republic was, above all things, anxious to be recognised as one of the chief European potentates, and in the early part of 1852 he would have signed almost any treaty, unless it had directly affected his own dominions. Of all the parties to the treaty, Russia alone, after the lapse of twelve years, probably adheres to the same policy, though without the power to enforce it. The great German Powers, hampered by their inconsiderate engagements, are involved in a gratuitous quarrel with the minor States of the Confederation. France avows, with cynical levity, the opinion that the treaty has been made useless by circumstances; and England laboriously offends both Germany and Denmark while she endeavours to discharge her obligations by remonstrating alternately with two angry disputants. During the recent negotiations, Lord RUSSELL has been substantially in the right; but, as usual, he has diminished his own legitimate authority by his inexplicable habit of incivility. After fifty years of public life, a diplomatist might be expected to have learned that human nature is not exclusively amenable to logic. When an adversary

can be brought before a competent tribunal, it may be expedient to prove that he is in the wrong; but it is equally hopeless and useless to convict him of error when he is responsible only to his own conscience. In the summer of 1862, Lord RUSSELL deprived himself of all influence in Denmark by the crude terms of a well-reasoned despatch, which might perhaps have led to an equitable compromise if the censure which was harshly expressed had been skilfully insinuated and inferred under cover of neutral or complimentary phrases. Having convinced the Danes that he is their enemy, he now addresses Germany, through the Saxon Government, in still bitterer terms of reproach. Baron BEUST is relieved from the embarrassment of answering Mr. MURRAY's irrefragable appeal to the treaty by the welcome opportunity of resenting, without a shadow of risk, the wanton discourtesy of the English remonstrance. There is scarcely a Government in Europe or America which has not preferred a similar complaint during Lord RUSSELL's tenure of the Foreign Office. The English nation has a right to expect that a policy of which it generally approves shall be communicated to foreign Governments in tolerably inoffensive language. It was not even necessary to be rude to Mr. MASON, although it might be politic to keep him at a distance.

Of all the great European communities, the most natural ally of England is Germany; and, but for the present complication, the converse proposition, that England is the best friend of Germany, might be still more confidently affirmed. Russia and France habitually cultivate disunion among their powerful neighbours in the centre of the Continent, while England desires as far as possible to provide the only effectual counterpoise to the ambition of the Eastern and Western Empires. The Schleswig squabble has, for the moment, displaced the system of English policy, and it has at the same time provided an opening for the traditional diplomacy of France. The EMPEROR's recent Circular suggests reminiscences of the Confederation of the Rhine, and of the earlier alliance of LOUIS XIV. with Bavaria against Austria. The Treaty of 1852 is virtually disavowed, not because France has become less friendly to Denmark, but because it is discovered that Austria and Prussia have been outvoted by the minor German States, which may possibly, if the difference is widened, stand in need of a foreign patron. The English Government, on the other side, fans the dispute by insisting on strict compliance with a treaty which is binding on Austria and Prussia, but not on Baden, Bavaria, or the Diet, while it is openly repudiated by Saxony and Hanover. It is an unprofitable duty to stir up the mud for a potentate who loves to fish in troubled waters. But for the Treaty of 1852, all Germany would have been unanimous, and Denmark must necessarily have given way. Even if Schleswig as well as Holstein were secured to the AUGUSTENBURG dynasty, it may be doubted whether the Danish monarchy would be seriously weakened, and it is certain that the balance of power would not be perceptibly deranged. The alarm which is frequently expressed for the safety of the Rhenish provinces would be wholly unfounded. Of all the political delusions which have been successfully propagated by French writers, the most absurd is the belief that the limits of Germany depend, not on race, on language, or on immemorial possession, but on the Treaties of 1815. When the German nation is united, a French conquest of Rhenish Prussia or Bavaria is neither more nor less probable than a French conquest of Kent. If, indeed, the Diet could be persuaded to go to war with Prussia or Austria, it is impossible to say what advantage an ambitious neighbour might take of indigenous perversity.

The English Government has little choice in its present policy, and, to a certain extent, there is no reason to despair of success; but Denmark will probably have to purchase the recognition of King CHRISTIAN's ducal title by submitting to a temporary occupation of Schleswig. As the maintenance of any of the provisions of the treaty depends on the ascendancy of the Great Powers in Germany, it is idle to oppose the comparatively moderate measures by which Austria and Prussia hope to satisfy the national feeling. The vague declamation which was directed against the Federal execution in Holstein has subsided since it has been discovered that the measure was essentially pacific, and consequently unpalatable to zealous German patriots. The invasion of Schleswig by an Austrian army would be an avowed act of war, founded on a cause of quarrel which England, Russia, and Sweden have already recognised as just; but in Germany it is regarded as a proof of lukewarmness. As the Danes have not thought fit to revoke the common Constitution, they must take the consequences of violating their engagements with two Powers which they are unable to resist. If they imprudently



provoke a collision, Austria and Prussia will probably denounce the treaty which regulates the succession; but an armed occupation, unattended by bloodshed, although it technically amounts to war, may perhaps retain an ambiguous character, and may admit of termination by concession on one side and recognition on the other. The Danish Government ought, as far as possible, to address itself to Austria as the most moderate of its adversaries. The Prince of AUGUSTENBURG, as far as he is the champion of nationality, will find little favour at Vienna, and the Austrian Government certainly meditates no conquest on its own account. Prussia also is dissatisfied with the assumptions of the Diet, and the KING dislikes every movement which approximates to a revolution; yet it might be difficult to relax the hold of a Prussian army on any German province which it actually occupied. Whatever may be the interest of England, Denmark has no motive for abstaining from any diplomatic effort which may tend to break up German unity. If Austria and Prussia can be conciliated, the Diet and its members may safely be defied. For the present, there is no danger of active intervention on the part of France, although the Treaty of 1852 is by inference repudiated. The friendly disposition of Sweden cannot be doubted, but even if all the Scandinavian populations were united, they are no match for Germany.

The confusion and violence of feeling throughout Germany displays itself in various forms, and perhaps the oddest result of the excitement is the transient sympathy which is felt or expressed for Italy and Hungary. The non-German provinces of Austria have generally been regarded with complacency as virtual extensions of the influence and dominion of the German race. In 1848, and again in 1859, all the national feeling was on the side of Austria, and it is almost certain that, but for the hasty peace of Villafranca, France would have found the whole Confederacy on her hands. For the moment, however, the annexation of Holstein and Schleswig has superseded all other interests, and the Germans, not without reason, attribute the slackness of Austria to the consciousness that the head of a heterogeneous Empire cannot consistently defend the principle of pure nationality. It is accordingly suggested that the loss of the outlying territories would throw Austria back upon Germany; and some enthusiasts are almost prepared to confess that Venetia may be regarded as an Italian Holstein. No such corrective can be applied to the retrograde tendencies of Berlin, but the professed antipathy of the Prussian Ministry to liberal government at home is supposed to explain and condemn a corresponding foreign policy. If bitter words were to be literally interpreted, it would seem that Austria and Prussia are more unpopular in the rest of Germany than Russia, than France, or than England. When the crisis is over, all parties will easily resume their ordinary inclinations and connexions, but even a passing opposition to the Great Powers is a not unimportant symptom of possible future changes. Austria and Prussia have found, in the contumacy of their dependent allies, a new reason for persevering in their fidelity to the treaty. Athens and Sparta for once make common cause against the spontaneous action of the Grecian cities, and they will probably be able to show that their power is still effective and solid. The internal struggle offers unexpected advantages to external diplomacy, and, in spite of the thoughtless exhortations of journalists, statesmen can scarcely commit the blunder of reuniting their antagonists by the employment of indiscriminate abuse and menace. There was not much use in affronting the Saxons, although they are the inveterate opponents of Denmark. It may be hoped that there is still time to be civil to Austria, and to assume that Prussia will abide by the treaty. Before the Russian war, England, on the eve of action, shrank from the utterance of wholesome warnings; and there would be a strange consistency of blundering if Germany were provoked into violence by strong language, when armed interference is altogether out of the question.

#### THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

A GENERAL impression prevails, which may or may not be corroborated by facts, that the Ministry is weaker than it was, that it can less afford to stand an attack, and that the Conservative leaders, although notoriously unwilling to force on an issue, may be driven by their supporters to try their strength. The Conservatives have increased their forces since the last election, and it is indisputable that their forces are very strong. We have now had two Sessions barren of interest and excitement, and of which nothing better can be said than that, if nothing was done in them, nothing was promised to be done. The nation, not having any domestic grievance of a salient kind to grumble over, and occupied with the observation of foreign affairs, has been satisfied with the

long period of inaction, and has taken pleasure in finding an opportunity of paying Lord PALMERSTON the handsome compliment of letting him preside in undisturbed ease over this epoch of repose. But, in the nature of things, a quiet and easy-going time—a time when people are satisfied with themselves, and delight in keeping up the military strength of the country without any wish to make any demonstration or use of it—must tend to throw power sooner or later into the hands of the Conservative party. Nor is it at all desirable that accidental causes should long debar a party from the experience and consistency it derives from holding office, when the general sentiment of the nation runs in that groove to which the party professes to adhere. The Conservatives may be said in a general way to deserve their turn of power, and it would be a misfortune if those who are likely to lead them hereafter should not have their fair share of official training before they are too old to learn. Hitherto, the Conservatives have been kept back by several causes of considerable importance. They do not carry with them the general body of educated Englishmen. In the Houses of Parliament there are young men of promise on their side, because family connexions have made the profession or adoption of the Conservative programme a condition and a means of their securing their seats. But outside Parliament educated opinion is not on the side of the Conservatives. There is no literature conceived in a spirit favourable to their pretensions; they have no powerful organs in the press; and the defensive, and therefore somewhat carping and narrow, position which they are obliged to occupy alienates those who look on politics from what they conceive to be a broader point of view. But in other respects the Conservatives have made a real advance. For they have got rid of some of their other shortcomings. They have, more especially, attained a position of Parliamentary strength which enables them to be compared not very unfavourably with their opponents. They could show a Ministerial front in the House of Commons which would be by no means despicable. Lord MALMESBURY will, we presume, be got out of the way; and he might relieve his party at once of the embarrassment of his presence, and of the reproach of not being able to find a Paris Ambassador of their choosing, if he replaced Lord COWLEY at Paris. Even Lord MALMESBURY might shine at Paris, for Lord COWLEY has worked hard to make any successor welcome. With Mr. DISRAELI as Foreign Secretary, with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir HUGH CAIRNS and Mr. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD and Lord ROBERT CECIL to act as ready and powerful supporters in debate, and with Lord STANLEY to add the influence of his name and his ponderous respectability, the Conservatives might fill with some credit the benches now adorned by Sir GEORGE GREY and Sir CHARLES WOOD. If Lord PALMERSTON, once out of office, were to find himself too old to care much more for party struggles, there would remain on the Liberal side in the House of Commons only Mr. GLADSTONE to represent that order of statesmen which towers above the level of the Conservative leaders.

Events also have taken a turn which gives the Conservatives a much better chance than they have had for some years. The old party cries are nearly worn out, and the old watch words of the Liberals have become empty sounds. Reform and the Ballot and Church-rate Abolition are gone to the Silences, at least for the present. New questions have come up which threaten more and more to engross the minds of Englishmen. There is the question of the relation of England to foreign nations; and there is the question of the practicability or necessity of changes in the construction of the Established Church. In the discussion of both questions the Conservatives may not unfitly sit on the official side of the House. So long as the success of the Italian movement could be supposed to depend on the action of English parties, the gulf of opinion and sentiment that lay between the mass of the governing classes and the Conservative leaders made their firm tenure of office almost impossible. But now that Italy has got as good a chance of success as she is likely to have, and that we cannot and will not do more for her—as we have no power to get the French out of Rome, and have no intention of fighting Austria for the recovery of Venetia—there is not much ground for supposing that the bitterest Conservative could do Italy any great harm. No injury to Italy on which a Conservative Government could venture is likely to equal in importance the blow struck by Lord RUSSELL in removing Sir JAMES HUDSON. And, if we put Italy aside, and look at our foreign policy as a whole, it seems now to consist in little more than doing very little, and writing a great many despatches. Why should the Conservatives be supposed incapable of doing very little and of writing any number of despatches? They might, too, make their despatches civil and conciliatory, and although

this would be a great change, it might not be a bad one. On some points also, their prepossessions, so far as any Ministry dares to have or avow prepossessions in these days, might tend to redress the balance of English influence a little, and to make us fairer in some of our political dealings. No Ministry could well leave Turkey to be the prey of France and Russia, but a new Ministry might regard the struggles and hopes of the dependencies of Constantinople without that jealousy and that belief in the sacred right of Turkey to govern which the memory of old diplomatic contests has imprinted on the mind of Lord PALMERSTON. So, too, no Ministry would dare to depart from the policy of neutrality which we have laid down for ourselves with regard to the American Civil War. We are not going to help either side. But the Federals have attained an influence with the present Ministry which might be balanced advantageously by the sympathy which prevails in the Conservative ranks for the cause of the South. If it is fair that a Cabinet Minister should do as Mr. GIBSON has done, and issue a partisan manifesto in favour of the North, it would not be unfair that another Cabinet Minister should do what many Conservatives would be very glad to do, and explain why the simple issue of slavery or no slavery does not seem to them the true one.

That the religious question will also assume importance before long is as certain as a generation which has seen the interest in Reform fade away can feel that anything is certain in English politics. A move will be made to do away with some of the tests by which the English clergy are bound, and to abolish or greatly alter the Establishment in Ireland. Whatever may be the value of the arguments by which the attack in either case is supported, it appears to us to be clearly the part of the Conservatives to make the defence. They have a distinct intelligible line on each question—a line consistent with their traditions and with the whole feelings of their party. It is a line in which a large portion of English opinion will support them, and by adhering to which they can make a long, a creditable, and possibly a successful fight. They will have much to say which their opponents will have to own is worth considering; and if they are defeated, they can scarcely fail to be defeated only gradually and by a little, and to secure a handsome and respectable compromise. The Irish Church, for example, when regarded in the gross, and from the outside, seems to have rather a questionable case; but when it is looked at in connection with English history, with the conduct of public affairs in Ireland, with the ecclesiastical institutions of England, and with the interests of powerful individuals, it assumes a different shape, and it does not seem to be quite so easy to touch it. The Conservatives may find much to urge in its favour, nor will it do them any harm that the course thus forced on them will probably tend to separate them from those strange Ultramontane allies whom a dread of Lord PALMERSTON'S views about the Temporal Power has lately arrayed on their side. The time, therefore, seems to be near at hand when the Conservatives will, for the first time for nearly twenty years, have an opportunity of holding office on something like satisfactory terms, unless some unexpected crisis intervenes. It is true that the prospect of a Conservative Government excites no enthusiasm, for the defensive and critical attitude of the Conservatives denies them popularity, and the supremacy of Mr. DISRAELI would be a national event not exactly calculated to make people enthusiastic. But a change of Ministry would be taken calmly, and, if regretted on account of the personal eminence of Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL, and Mr. GLADSTONE, would yet commend itself as giving a fair turn to a powerful party, and as being in substantial correspondence with a great portion of English opinion.

#### THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

WHILE the French Opposition fastens with instinctive judgment on the Imperial policy in Mexico, it would seem, if common report can be trusted, that General BAZAINE is furnishing his Government with the most effective, if not the most conclusive, answer to criticism. Although the enterprise has never been popular, it is not in French nature to repudiate a complete conquest or even to undervalue its importance. A speaker in the Legislative Body lately argued that the presence of the French army in Mexico must either be objectionable or superfluous. If the people were hostile to the invaders, it would be unjust, and perhaps impossible, to coerce their inclinations; and on the assumption that the French army was welcome, the Mexicans might effect the

same objects as those of their friendly invaders without foreign assistance. This is the way that debaters reason; but it is not the way that Frenchmen, or indeed men in general, form practical decisions. Success is success, and if all unfavourable anticipations are contradicted by the event, the credit of the EMPEROR will be raised by a triumph which will be exclusively his own. A few millions will, after all, not be grudged for the establishment of a dependent Empire which may reproduce French institutions in the remote regions of the West. Some of the EMPEROR'S subjects may possibly share his aspirations for the glory of the Latin race, and a much larger number believe that French industry will be stimulated by a political connexion with a country of undoubted natural wealth. M. BERRYER and other members of the Opposition have proved that the finances are in an unsound condition, and that the unfavourable state of the national balance-sheet may in a great measure be attributed to gratuitous wars in different parts of the world. Finance, however, by no means comes home to general apprehension until it assumes the visible form of increased taxation. The loans of the Empire have, for the most part, been highly popular, both as advantageous investments and on account of the facilities which they offer for petty rural stockjobbing; and crowds are at this moment competing for the opportunity of lending 12,000,000*l.* to the Government. LOUIS-PHILIPPE has sometimes been reproached by the allottees of Imperial loans, as a selfish niggard who grudged the farmer and the shopkeeper four per cent. for their savings. The operation of converting floating debt into perpetual stock conveys no alarming impression to the ordinary mind. When hard-headed Americans loudly assert that the national wealth is increased by the accumulation of debt, a less practical community may be excused for not inquiring too closely into more moderate instances of public extravagance.

Serious politicians also may interest themselves in the progress of the French arms, in the well-founded belief that the expedition will be nearer an end when it has accomplished its object. It will be far easier to withdraw after the establishment of the Empire than to acknowledge a failure; and if it is necessary to have an army of occupation in Mexico, the costs may perhaps be recoverable under a regular government. On the whole, public opinion in England is either friendly to the French enterprise or inoffensively neutral. There is perhaps a kind of satisfaction in seeing military steam blowing off at a distance, and France is rather popular in England than otherwise when there is neither a conflict of interests nor a risk of aggressions which it might be necessary to repel. If the Mexicans could be taught to pay their debts, or even to respect the lives and properties of foreign traders, the armed missionaries who should have effected their reformation would be entitled to legitimate gratitude. It is true that England can claim no share in the glory which may be acquired, and that some Frenchmen treat the acceptance of the Convention of Soledad as an act of desertion; but it is well understood that no English Government can afford to go to war for an idea, and the EMPEROR himself can scarcely have expected a non-Latin race to co-operate in his ethnological crusade. The experiment of reforming the Mexicans by force was not, perhaps, worth trying; but bystanders who have themselves shrunk from the necessary outlay may properly applaud the self-sacrificing liberality which has solved a curious problem for general information. It seems that the Legislative Body, representing perhaps the general opinion of the country, would gladly see the termination of the war, if the French troops could be conveniently withdrawn. It would now, however, be more tedious to return than to complete the discomfiture of the Republican Government. If the enterprise were suddenly abandoned, the French Generals would leave nothing behind them in the districts which they have hitherto occupied, and the invaders might be held responsible for the civil war and anarchy which would follow the capricious abandonment of their conquests. The one-sided dilemma which is ordinarily submitted to universal suffrage will in Mexico have a foundation in the actual condition of affairs. It is always usual to ask the victims of the ballot whether they prefer what is already settled; nor have conquerors and usurpers thought it prudent to propound an alternative. When the Mexicans are required to declare that they wish for a Prince from an unknown country as their Emperor, those who administer the question may fairly suggest that they have no Government whatever to fall back upon in the case of unexpected contumacy.

It is impossible to test the accuracy of the newspaper correspondents who record the progress of affairs in Mexico, and it is difficult to follow their geographical details. It appears,



however, that the French troops, aided by a small native contingent, are occupying successive provinces without opposition, and that JUAREZ has no more effective means of resistance than turgid proclamations. DOBLADO, whose death had been reported, has come to life again, but he is compelled to evacuate the part of the country in which his influence might have been important. The other chiefs will probably make terms with the victorious party as soon as they are satisfied that its success is assured. General BAZAINE is believed to have avoided the error committed by Marshal FOREY in giving undue power to the clerical party, and he has probably found that it is better to issue orders than to entrust political authority to any Mexican faction. French officers and soldiers are not perhaps, as their countrymen fancy, apostles of the highest form of civilization, and the doctrines which are supposed to date from 1789 are, so far as words go, as familiar in Mexico as in France itself; but a French army, if it has little tendency to propagate liberty, is an admirable instrument of police. Thieves will be locked up, and assassins will be shot, as the first instalment of Mexican regeneration. These simple duties were habitually neglected by the clerical party through sympathy with the criminals, and by JUAREZ and his associates because they were too weak to govern the country. When outward order is established, there will perhaps be no inconvenience in asking the mob to declare, by universal suffrage, that it desires the appointment of a permanent constable.

The EMPEROR designate, or to be designated, is expected soon to arrive in Paris. The most favourable interpretation is due to the motives of a Prince who might have enjoyed a life of idleness and luxury in the midst of the deference which attends those who are born in the purple. It is certain that the Archduke MAXIMILIAN has not accepted the Mexican Crown through vulgar selfishness, and it is fair to assume that he looks forward to a life of active and painful usefulness. A scion of the House of HAPSBURG-LORRAINE must have overcome some natural scruples before he accepted an Empire from the hands of a NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. He must be well aware that his independence of French support, even if it proves ultimately attainable, must necessarily be remote. Among his courtiers and captains he will find none of the qualities which ought to ornament an Imperial Court. His soldiers will not be brave, and his Ministers will not be honest, until he has introduced European virtues on the ruins of a corrupt and effete Republic. If it is true of nations as of private fortunes, that when things are at the worst they are about to mend, the Emperor MAXIMILIAN may be able to associate his name with a beneficent revolution. As he is said to have finally laid aside all hesitation, he has probably arranged with his powerful patron the securities which will be necessary before he can hope to establish or retain his authority. The recognition of the European Powers will be readily afforded, as soon as the Empire is actually existing. The more important decision of the United States will probably be postponed. The PRESIDENT has contradicted the report that he had protested against the proposed Monarchy, and although American journalists and orators affect to believe that the army now invading Texas is designed against Mexico, the Federal Government has wisely abstained from all measures which might lead to a collision with France. If the civil war continues, the Mexican Emperor will perhaps have time to settle himself firmly on his throne, before the so-called Anglo-Saxons are at leisure to impose terms on the supposed Latins of Mexico. As far as foreigners can judge, a Monarchy is better suited than a Republic to a scattered and half-civilized population.

#### LORD RUSSELL'S UNRULY MEMBER.

THE sad fate of the courageous man who was afflicted with the possession of a pair of cowardly legs has often been the subject of commiseration. It was very hard upon him. No matter how boldly his heart beat, or what gallant resolutions his brain might frame, his incorrigible legs always would turn round and run away at the first report of fire-arms. Lord RUSSELL is just at present the unhappy victim of a combination not perhaps quite so humiliating, but almost as vexatious. In himself he is the most peaceful and cautious of mankind. He never dreams of war, or, if he must wage it occasionally, it is only with some of those barbarous Oriental nations who have evidently been designed by a beneficent Providence to serve the special purpose of testing our Armstrong guns. But beyond his dealings with these exceptional samples of humanity, he has always shown himself to be possessed of an intensely pacific nature. Indeed, it has shone forth in every period of his political life, and in his domestic as well as in his foreign policy.

He has always been willing to sacrifice anything for peace, especially upon those occasions on which he had reason for thinking that his side was the weakest. Colleagues, principles, pledges, have more than once been left hastily in the lurch by this sincere lover of peace, when he saw that they were menaced, and that he might become involved in conflict on their behalf. It must be a cruel mortification to this tranquil and submissive spirit that he is endowed with one of the most pugnacious pens in Europe. During the few years that he has been in office, he has probably insulted more Governments than all his ten immediate predecessors put together. If this combative bearing had been intentional, and had been borne out by the policy which followed it, the result, though disagreeable to the tax-payer, would not have reflected any ignominy upon the nation, or upon the FOREIGN SECRETARY himself. But nothing is further from the thought of the meek and gentle spirit that sits behind that pen than ever to come to blows. If his true intentions could be mirrored in his despatches, if the abundant discretion which tempers his courage could only communicate itself to his words, foreign Powers would have no ground for the irritation which an English despatch usually excites in their minds. But he has never yet been able to gain a complete mastery over his pen. At present he has concluded a sort of compromise with it. The pen is to abstain, as a rule, from wantonly insulting large Powers, at least when smaller Powers can be found to receive the insults instead; and whenever, from a small Power or a great, the insults shall have provoked a sharp retort, the said pen is to accept the affront in meekness, and not venture upon a dangerous reply. Thanks to this happy arrangement, peace has, up to this time, been maintained. The true character of Lord RUSSELL's bluster has been studied in many striking examples by the Continental nations, and is by this time thoroughly understood. His despatches are no longer considered, either here or abroad, as provocative of war. They are only looked upon as a challenge to a scolding match, in which the foreign diplomatist, wielding a more delicate weapon, usually wins an easy victory. There is no harm in such an arrangement, provided that it is thoroughly understood. Words, after all, are only conventional symbols of thoughts; and if it is once settled that angry menaces are to mean in reality only a determination to give in, pusillanimous intentions can be expressed as effectively in that mode as in any other. The only misfortune is that foreigners assume that the English people select for their Foreign Minister some one who suitably represents their sentiments and character. They consequently infer, with unimpeachable logic, that a taste for blustering and a great dislike of fighting are the most conspicuous characteristics of the English nation.

But it is very much to be wished that Lord RUSSELL and his pen could come to some more complete agreement, for that most energetic instrument has lately been playing strange pranks. We probably owe to its ungovernable antics much of the danger which is now threatening Europe. If the recommendations which were made to the King of DENMARK some fifteen months ago had been made in language less offensively dictatorial, it is probable that all parties might have hesitated before proceeding to the lengths to which they are now apparently committed. Again, more dignity in the communications made to Russia with reference to Poland, and a more constant recollection of the self-restraint which is incumbent on remonstrants who have no thought of fighting, might have saved our diplomacy from the universal contempt into which it has fallen upon the Continent, and which deprives its most strenuous efforts of effect. Under this system of making up for weak action by valorous words, England has lost her old position, and the advice which Lord RUSSELL so freely tenders, no longer backed by the reputation of military power, is repelled with impatient scorn. Our present position is accurately defined by the correspondence that has recently passed with Saxony. Saxony is probably as precariously situated as any State north of the Alps. With a territory large enough to be an object of ambition, but not large enough for self-defence, sustained by no powerful alliance, interposed between two powerful monarchies whose policy she is thwarting, she is in a position to be exceptionally solicitous not to alienate any friend, nor to provoke any neutral to be a foe. If Russia or France had so far departed from the traditional dignity of her diplomacy as to send such a despatch as that which Lord RUSSELL wrote to Mr. MURRAY, no one can doubt how careful M. VON BEUST would have been to avoid all cause of offence in his reply. That he should have adopted an opposite course in dealing with England, betrays the value at which he appraises our friendship or our enmity. The example of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF has inspired German diplomatists with

a noble emulation. Formerly it had been the custom to treat England with civility, and to attach weight to her promises or her threats. But the Russian Minister has dispelled that delusion. The cat is belled at last. He has ascertained by experiment that English objurgations may be safely met with unveiled sarcasm; and smaller Courts are naturally eager to win a reputation for courage at so cheap a rate. M. VON BUEST's imitation is, indeed, somewhat clumsy. His attempts at sarcasm come to little more than a bold use of hard words not ordinarily employed in diplomacy. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF would have made more of so inviting a despatch. The summary of Lord RUSSELL's despatch only contains three sentences; but unless Mr. MURRAY has strangely misrepresented the words of his chief, it would be difficult to find so many absurdities compressed into so small a space. The strange confusion between the affairs of Schleswig and those of Holstein; the attempt to cast the responsibility for the action of the Diet, first upon the Saxon Government, and then upon "the German troops;" and the curious sentence at the end, suggestive only of a triangular duet, that "Bavaria, Saxony, and Württemberg must be made mutually responsible"—these would have furnished Prince GORTSCHAKOFF with ample material for one of the exertions for which he has become famous. M. VON BUEST, however, lost his opportunity, and only succeeded in producing a despatch more ill-mannered than that which he had received.

By the few extracts which appear from time to time in the papers, it is evident that our FOREIGN SECRETARY is doing his utmost to frighten the German Powers out of the war on which they are bent. But he is in the position of a physician who has overdosed his patient with tonics. When the moment of weakness comes, and the tonics are really wanted, they will not act. It is much the same with the "rough" language which Lord RUSSELL has been addressing to the Diet at Frankfort, and to the various German Courts. They are accustomed to that sort of thing, and it ceases to produce any effect upon them. They know, from the example of the Polish correspondence, that it means nothing. In that case, "most serious consequences" were threatened, if Russia did not immediately grant a Constitution to the Poles. But Russia treated the demand for a Constitution with contempt, and the most serious consequences never came. It is in vain that England raises her voice higher and higher; the impotence of the wrath which those shrill accents express has been found out and will not be forgotten. So long as the imposture could be kept up, scolding was an instrument of some efficacy. It was very pleasant while it lasted, for we enjoyed all the influence of a great Power without the necessity of any sacrifices to maintain it. But, now that the relation between our language and our policy is thoroughly understood, it might perhaps be more dignified to cut down our language to the level of our policy. Lord RUSSELL's present plan of supplying the loss of real influence by the iteration of impotent threats only exposes us to unnecessary insult from Powers of the calibre of Saxony.

#### THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF RUSSIA.

THE mystery in which Russia has always been enveloped has encouraged the most contradictory estimates of her real strength. Before the Crimean struggle had taught us that we had to do with a stubborn though overmatched antagonist, the CORDEN theory of crumbling up Russia like a piece of paper floated side by side with the most extravagant ideas of the power which her enormous territories were supposed to give her. That the exhaustion of a terrible war severely crippled her resources is beyond a doubt; but even now it is far from easy to form anything like a just opinion of the forces which she is capable of exerting. According to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, Russia is calm, majestic, and powerful in the face of the impotent menaces of Western Europe, and possibly, for a defensive war, the Czar would be able to muster an almost unconquerable army. But, apart from the distraction of the Polish revolt, and the uncertainty which the emancipation of the serfs and the nascent desire for political freedom must introduce into the calculation, there are financial elements of weakness which may perhaps be relied on to deter Russia, for many years to come, from schemes of aggressive ambition. An able writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (M. WOŁOWSKI) has presented a picture of the straits to which the Russian Government is supposed to be reduced, which ought to reassure the minds of all who still regard the semi-barbarous Cossack power with an uneasy feeling of anxiety. Depreciatory estimates of the financial position of powerful Governments have often proved deceptive, from the vast residuum of strength which a

coherent Empire retains long after its affairs have verged upon actual bankruptcy; and even M. WOŁOWSKI does not paint the situation of Russia in colours quite so dark as this. But, if official figures can be relied on, the Emperor ALEXANDER II. is far from occupying the strong position or enjoying the almost unbounded credit which tempted NICHOLAS to indulge his schemes of conquest. The effects of the Crimean war are indeed visible enough in the subsequent budgets of the country. In 1853, the funded debt stood at little above 60,000,000*l.*, and the floating debt at perhaps ten or twelve millions more. The paper circulation was about 50,000,000*l.*, supported by a metallic reserve of more than a third of that amount. Since that time, the funded debt has risen to 110,000,000*l.*, the floating debt is doubled, the circulation of bank-notes has been raised to more than 100,000,000*l.*, and specie payments have been suspended. It would be as rash to say that a pressure of this character disables Russia from engaging in hostilities as it was to predict the immediate break-down of the American war from the rapid increase of Federal liabilities. Still poverty and lack of credit are pledges given to peace, and already Russia finds, in the difficulty of negotiating foreign loans, how greatly she is crippled by the extraordinary expenditure which the policy of NICHOLAS required.

The history of the paper currency of Russia is a mere repetition of what has happened in many countries, and is likely to happen in more. When first introduced by CATHERINE II. in 1768, the amount was limited to about 3,000,000*l.*; and the notes, being legally convertible, and more convenient than the coinage of the country, commanded a slight premium. The first war, as a matter of course, vastly increased the issue, which soon reached 16,000,000*l.*, and the paper fell to a discount. It was, as is usual in such cases, solemnly declared that this amount should never be exceeded; but the next war swept away the restrictive edict, and every fresh want was supplied by a fresh issue of notes, which in 1810 had risen in amount to nearly 100,000,000*l.*, and in 1817 to the formidable sum of 140,000,000*l.* A ruinous depreciation was the inevitable result of this excessive issue, and a partial remedy was supplied by appropriating the proceeds of a series of loans to the reduction of the paper money. These palliatives scarcely touched the evil, and it was soon after dealt with in a summary fashion which may at some future time supply a precedent to the United States. The notes were demonetized by an arbitrary decree, and their value fixed by assigning 3½ roubles as the equivalent of one silver rouble, which alone was for the future to be regarded as currency. Having destroyed their exchangeable value, it was easy to withdraw the paper from circulation, and to substitute for it new notes convertible at par into metallic currency. Thus the whole circle had been completed. The paper was issued first in moderation, afterwards in excess. It was then exchanged at its depreciated value for a fresh series of notes destined, in all probability, to undergo the same course of transformation.

The new notes were not only declared to be convertible, but their actual convertibility was secured by a very large reserve of specie; and though the amount in circulation had risen to 50,000,000*l.*, there was no sign of depreciation until the commencement of the war of 1854 once more opened the flood-gates. In three years paper had been issued with such rapidity as to raise the circulation once more in nominal value to 120,000,000*l.*, and the suspension of specie payments followed as a necessary consequence. A second vigorous effort to restore the character of the currency was made in 1862. The project was to buy up the paper money according to a sliding scale, which assigned to it a constantly diminishing discount, until at length it was to be paid for at par. A loan was contracted to assist the operation, which was so far successful as materially to improve the foreign exchanges. The Bank, however, failed to sustain the burden thrown upon it, and the convertibility of the note was again suspended, and the course of exchange once more became adverse. The history of Russian paper money adds one more illustration to the established doctrines of political economy. We may justly congratulate ourselves that the recurrent evils which have been produced in so many countries are averted here by a law which is tolerably proof against disturbance; but we think it is a mistake on the part of M. WOŁOWSKI to jump at once to the conclusion that derangement of the circulation implies an absolute inability to engage in costly enterprises, whether of war or peace. Except by its gradual, though certain, tendency to interfere with trade, money raised by successive debasements of currency does not fall more heavily on the resources of a country than an equal amount of taxation in a more legitimate form, and there are abundant examples, ancient and modern, to prove that a country which cannot or does not keep faith with the holders



of its paper money may nevertheless be strong enough to strike hard and endure long in any cause in which the feeling of the people is engaged.

It is not only in the excessive amount of an inconvertible currency that M. WOLOWSKI detects the inherent weakness of the huge Empire of the Czars. He passes in review successive budgets, so far as the reticence of Russian authorities renders the comparison possible, and arrives at the conclusion that the people are already taxed to the utmost limit of endurance, and that—as was thought of India a few years ago—while the revenue is incapable of increase, the expenditure shows most elastic capabilities. It is no doubt true that Russia is essentially a poor country, but it is not so clear that its large extent and enormous population may not supply the means of tightening the screw of taxation by a few additional turns. There are no data for ascertaining what the real revenues of Russia were in times gone by, but of late years the official reserve which once studiously concealed the financial position of the State has been much relaxed, and the budgets of 1862 and 1863 are published with as much detail as those of constitutional countries. They certainly do not present a very encouraging picture. The proceeds of taxation of every kind amount to about 50,000,000*l.* a year, which is probably a much heavier burden on Russian enterprise than the larger sums which are raised with comparative ease in England and France. Even in estimate, a deficit is acknowledged which, added to that of the previous year, leaves an uncovered balance of 2,500,000*l.* The Polish insurrection, too, must have largely increased the gulf between revenue and expenditure. But a writer in a French periodical might have remembered that much more serious departures from equilibrium have been found compatible in France with the display of abundant industrial energy and military power. The floating debt, too, has increased to a figure which would be thought serious enough in wealthy England, but its amount is still not much more than half that which M. FOULD has periodically to bewail in France.

Important as such signs of weakness may be, it is evident that much more is needed to justify the opinion that Russia has ceased to be an effective military Power; and this M. WOLOWSKI thinks that he has discovered, in the comparative stagnation of Russian commerce, and the cloud which has settled on her credit abroad. Even here, however, there is room to question the conclusions arrived at. The trade of Russia is no doubt confined, for the most part, to the export of raw materials, and is in a condition almost of infancy as compared with that of her more civilized neighbours. But the percentage of improvement in commercial prosperity is often greatest at the earliest periods of national development. Notwithstanding the checks occasioned by recent events, there is no sufficient ground for assuming that the wealth of Russia has arrived at a stationary point, or that much greater sacrifices might not be endured, with the patience peculiar to the race, if a popular war should sufficiently stimulate the superstitious loyalty which has not yet been eradicated. The truth, as is usual in such cases, probably lies midway between the complacent estimate of the Russian Minister and the depreciatory calculations of an exiled critic. There is quite enough of financial difficulty in prospect to make Russia anxious for long continued peace; but there are no such signs of distress as to warrant foreign Governments in assuming that the Colossus which, in former times, has filled Europe with alarm has lost that vital force without which large territory and millions of impoverished subjects would be sources of weakness rather than of strength.

#### THE SPEAKER AND MR. MILNER GIBSON.

MR. MILNER GIBSON and the SPEAKER have lately contributed to those newspaper columns which stand under the intolerably absurd heading of "Extra-Parliamentary Utterances." The SPEAKER wisely selects a special topic on which there is something to say; while Mr. GIBSON follows the established precedent by a disquisition on things in general. It was natural that the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE should congratulate the country on the commercial prosperity which is indicated by the large returns of imports and exports, but in a Lancashire town it would scarcely have been proper to dilate on the comparative impunity with which the interruption of the cotton manufacture has been borne by the whole community. It may be assumed that the Ashton spinners confirmed Mr. GIBSON's anticipation of an early revival of their own special industry. If sufficient cotton can be provided for the present year, there will be no reason to

fear a future deficiency of supply, for the impulse which the American war has given to the growth of cotton in other countries will in three years have had time to produce its full effects. Mr. MILNER GIBSON's statistics may perhaps have interested his audience as much as his discursive remarks on domestic and foreign politics. Ardent reformers, however, will learn with satisfaction that their representative in the Cabinet retains the advanced opinions which procured him his present office. Timid alarmists may at the same time be reassured by observing that nothing can be further from Mr. GIBSON's intentions than to disturb the tranquil unanimity of the Government by any unreasonable agitation. The only difference between the more zealous Liberals in the Cabinet and their stationary colleagues is, that Lord RUSSELL rests and is thankful, and that Mr. MILNER GIBSON rests and is not thankful, though there is reason to hope that he is not actively discontented. He still desires Reform, but he is willing to wait till the country agrees with him, and he retains that traditional faith in the Ballot which survives in its genuine votaries so large an amount of neglect and incredulity.

On the American dispute, Mr. GIBSON holds a decided opinion; and as all parties are agreed on the expediency of doing nothing, no question can more conveniently be left open. Mr. GIBSON arrives at the only conclusion which is possible to an Englishman who can persuade himself that a great political revolution and a war of gigantic proportions involve only the single issue of negro slavery. A disputant who is allowed to state a problem has always the power of determining the solution, but in proving that all the argument is on one side he is bound to explain how the controversy has arisen. A Republican member of the Federal Congress has just proposed a resolution that the war should be prosecuted until all the revolted States are willingly reconciled to the Union, and until all the Confederate leaders are hanged. It is not likely that the House of Representatives will adopt the bloodthirsty nonsense of the motion; but it would be as reasonable to identify the Northern cause with an individual ebullition of interested violence as to condemn the South because Mr. STEPHENS uttered some foolish and mischievous paradoxes about slavery. Five years ago, the Free States would have almost unanimously resented as a national insult the allegation that a community which maintains negro slavery is to be unhesitatingly condemned when it is engaged in civil or foreign war. Mr. GIBSON's remarks on the supply of ships of war by neutrals to belligerents will command more general assent. Whatever may be the rule of international law, or the true construction of the Foreign Enlistment Act, there can be no doubt that English interests would be promoted by the strict prohibition of the practice, if it is at present tolerated by law. In case of a war with any petty State, cruisers under a hostile flag issuing from neutral ports might inflict ruinous damage on a vast merchant navy. It cannot, indeed, be supposed that the Admiralty, with all its faults, would be as helpless as the Navy Department of Washington, or that all its fleets would be unable or afraid to attack a single *Alabama*; but nevertheless it is important that American shipbuilders should not be provided with an excuse for aiding a possible belligerent against England. As Mr. MILNER GIBSON ridicules the reasoning of the law officers of the Crown as well as of their opponents, it must be presumed that he is prepared, either by legislation or by a Parliamentary exposition of the law, to provide against the evils which he justly denounces.

It is unnecessary to discuss the opinions on the Schleswig-Holstein question of a Cabinet Minister who avows, with surprising candour, that he knows nothing about the matter; but his modest disclaimer throws a certain light on constitutional practice, if not on foreign policy. It seems not improbable that Committees may supersede the Cabinet, as the Cabinet formerly detached itself, for reasons of practical convenience, from the Privy Council. When a Government is formed, in modern times, it is necessary to consider numerous personal and party exigencies, and it is on this account that two or three sinecure places are still maintained by the side of the great departments of State. In a Committee of the House of Commons which sat several years ago, Mr. BRIGHT, in answer to an inquiry into the utility of the Privy Seal or Duchy of Lancaster, was gravely informed by an experienced colleague that it was of the highest importance to secure the advice of veteran statesmen who were unfit or indisposed to fill the more active offices. "You are a man of business," was the reported reply, "and I ask you whether you would, in your private capacity, give Lord — fifteen shillings a week for any service which he could

"possibly perform." The judgment implied was probably severe, if not unjust; but Mr. BRIGHT may have had good reason for thinking that the appointment was made rather to conciliate some powerful supporter than as a retainer to an able counsellor. Whatever may be the reasons for collecting a number of Ministers to deliberate jointly, large bodies, even of the ablest men, are ill-suited to the despatch of business. Foreign affairs, more especially, require secrecy and confidential discussion, and they are probably for the most part entrusted to the PRIME MINISTER and the FOREIGN SECRETARY, aided by any assessor whom they may choose. It was perhaps scarcely judicious in Mr. MILNER GIBSON to publish a secret of State, or to announce to Denmark and Germany that the Cabinet, as a whole, acknowledges no responsibility for Lord RUSSELL's despatches.

While the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE roves at pleasure from America to Denmark, the SPEAKER has employed himself, not inappropriately, in reading the short-hand reports of French debates in the *Moniteur*. No better method could be devised for keeping himself in training for the tediousness of the approaching Session; but probably speeches have, independently of their subject or merit, a certain professional interest for the official recipient of Parliamentary eloquence. The SPEAKER is perhaps not indifferent to the principles which are at issue between the Imperial Government and the new Parliamentary Opposition; but at Mansfield he confined his remarks to the relations which necessarily exist between deliberative Assemblies and the newspaper press. Notwithstanding the jealousy with which reporters were formerly regarded in England, it is now generally admitted that Parliament has gained in power far more than it has lost in privilege by the universal circulation of the debates. Unless both Parliament and the press are perfectly free, it is difficult to allow unlimited publicity to reports. If Chambers or Senates are deficient in moral weight and political importance, journalists and readers, by tacit agreement, soon consign their discussions to oblivion and silence. The ingenious contrivance of an authorized verbal report which is not to be condensed or represented by extracts is peculiar to modern France. The Government presents curious politicians with the alternative which is sometimes offered by a prosy talker who has it in his power to communicate some interesting piece of news. His friends are aware that a question will produce a long story, and they generally prefer acquiescence in their ignorance to the excessive plenitude of information which awaits them. The SPEAKER of the English House of Commons is perhaps the only constant reader of the Parliamentary columns of the *Moniteur*. If he extends his researches to America during the Session of the Congress, he will be surprised to find that the debates are relegated, in the most illegible type, to the obscurest corner of the paper. The principal journals allow the Senate and the House of Representatives little more space than that which the *Times* or the *Daily News* would bestow on the proceedings of the Common Council. The elaborate reports which supply a chief material of political education to ordinary Englishmen are exclusively peculiar to this country.

The great advantage of reading Parliamentary debates is that they present both sides of every controversy. Leading articles are often fuller, abler, and more accurate, but they are necessarily and confessedly one-sided; yet, on the whole, opinion is more effectively moulded by journalists than by Parliamentary debaters. The SPEAKER, in dwelling on the undeniable interest of news, underrated by implication, and probably through an oversight, the vast influence of political essayists. It is not a very noble function to copy Mr. REUTER's telegrams, and although, as the SPEAKER observed, stale news would be as unsaleable as stinking fish, despatches from Schleswig or China, until they are explained and discussed, are as useless as fish before it is cooked. The knowledge of what happens from day to day is chiefly valuable as it supplies matter for reflection and generalization; and the bulk of mankind has neither the leisure nor the ability to extract from events their essence and meaning. The art of rendering current history intelligible and instructive has been invented in modern times, and it has been practised with extraordinary success. If journalists were demigods, they would never make a mistake, and if they were angels, they would never prejudice or mislead their readers. Being only anonymous human beings, they nevertheless serve the world by thinking for it, as well as by collecting and recording the news.

#### THE CARDINAL AND THE EMPEROR.

M. DE BONNECHOSE, Archbishop of Rouen, being a lawyer as well as an ecclesiastic, must have been aware of the historical significance of the pompous State ceremony which recently took place at the Tuileries. The new Cardinal received the hat at the EMPEROR's hands, and "took the usual oaths"; and, as his courtly speech admitted, it was on the EMPEROR's own nomination that he was decorated with the purple which seems to have caused His Eminence so much "confusion." When the question of investitures was decided in favour of the Royal authority, the political history of Europe began. From the instant that the old Hildebrandine claim was finally disposed of, the Papacy entered upon its Decline and Fall. The great theocratic theory had something to recommend it in a rude state of society, but the POPE has never thoroughly accepted the changed situation. This very institution of the Cardinalate is an anachronism. There was something in the notion of a body of assessors surrounding the Vicegerent of Heaven with a hierarchy of spiritual Thrones, Dominations, and Princedoms. But to give a diocesan Bishop, who has his own spiritual business to mind and the interests of his own country to represent, a grotesque head-gear and a robe of very pronounced colour merely as an ornament, is rather child's-play. No doubt the original Papal policy, in appointing a Cardinal from among the Bishops of National Churches, sought to secure a special Papal agent, emphatically devoted to the interests of Rome, in every kingdom of the Roman obedience. But this policy has failed. The Cardinalate, as well as the Episcopate, has, for all practical purposes, become a part of the Royal patronage; and the Cardinals at the various Courts are usually the most obsequious tools of the Sovereign. M. DE BONNECHOSE, for instance, feels that he has duties towards "religion and patriotism," by which he means that Rome and France may happen to have "interests which unfortunate circumstances may tend to bring into opposition." It is his "duty to reconcile them"; but it is easy to see which interest will be sacrificed, if they happen not to coincide. Indeed, unless the worthy Archbishop is a (shall we say?) Dithelist, we see no place for the worship of the POPE when he makes so full and complete a profession of his faith in the EMPEROR. The old objection to Roman Catholics was that they worshipped the POPE; but the Hymn to CÆSAR was never more boldly intoned than by the new Prince of the Church. There has been a good deal of NAPOLEON-worship in France. The apotheosis of the great NAPOLEON ornaments one of the chief Parisian churches; but it has been reserved for the Archbishop of Rouen to see, in the second NAPOLEON, God's special instrument, not only selected for the salvation of France, but placed on high for the benefit and instruction of the whole human race. *Presens Divus habebitur.*

As we can hardly charge an Archbishop—especially in that solemn moment when, as he declares, he is overwhelmed by a sense of new responsibilities—with the despicable vice of flattery, and with degrading himself into the mouthpiece of courtly adulation, we must suppose that M. DE BONNECHOSE really means what he says. If he does, the consequences are serious to the religion of which he is one of the chief ministers. "God brought you forward, Sire, to save France from the abyss. The suffrages of a whole people hailed you, and proclaimed you. The Pontiffs and the holy tribe"—by which queer phrase is probably meant the Gallican Bishops and Clergy—"saluted you as the Elect of God." If God visibly interfered in the matter of the *coup d'état* and the doings of the Second of December, people will begin to think strange things of PROVIDENCE. After this summary description of the EMPEROR in language which Scripture has reserved for DANIEL and JOSIAH, SOLOMON and CYRUS, it is lame work in His Eminence to dwell on the particular features of God's chosen servant, and of his "providential mission." Indefatigable activity, far-seeing intelligence, decision of character, patience, goodness of heart, and individual charity are matters of course in a man after God's own heart; but these are virtues within the attainment of private saints. There are virtues of subjects, and virtues of kings. The CARDINAL selects, as the typical and rare regal virtue, "the love of truth which submits to contradiction, and which by a marked benevolence encourages free speech, and prefers frankness to flattery." This virtue the EMPEROR clearly forgot to display when he listened to the CARDINAL's own speech without bowing him out of the room; but there are certainly many occasions in his career on which it is satisfactory to know from this high sacerdotal authority that, like all other good men, he had the deep consciousness of virtue, however little an ungrateful world gave



him credit for the inner graces of holiness. The EMPEROR's "love of truth" was displayed perhaps in the oaths which he took as President, and which he has so religiously kept; his patience of contradiction in certain deportations to Cayenne, and in the existing laws of the press; and his encouragement of free speech in M. DE MONTALEMBERT's prosecution, and in the career of the President M. DE MORNAY. With the little affair of Nice and Savoy in his recollection, it is a matter of surprise that the modern NATHAN did not signalize among the new DAVID's virtues the fact that he never coveted nor appropriated his neighbour's ewe lamb. But perhaps we are doing His Eminence an injustice. It may be that, after all, he did not forget his character as a Christian priest; and though he might not feel it to be his duty to follow in the steps of the BAPTIST and boldly to rebuke sin on the throne, he perhaps remembered that praise undeserved is censure in disguise, and intended his speech to be construed in the sense of a delicate and refined irony. Such an interpretation will give additional point and zest to the paragraph which describes the invader of Italy, the dethroner of legitimate sovereigns, and the victor of Solferino as remaining calm and serene at the sight of human bloodshed, and amid the noise and horror of war.

And, to do him justice, the DAVID of the occasion was quite equal to the NATHAN. Since the famous interview between Lords NOODLE and DOODLE, never was seen such a courteous bandying of complimentary epigrams. The shuttlecock of politeness was tossed to and fro with equal skill by both players. If the EMPEROR was the Elect of God, the CARDINAL was that rare impersonation of the citizen and the priest, that happy union of the temporal sage and spiritual doctor, who knows at once how to combine his duty to his King and to his country, and who renders to CÆSAR and to God their own with an unerringly exact perception of the respective obligations of the Christian and the patriot. Once, and once only, did the claw peep out from the velvet. Subtle and suppressed passion prompted the Imperial metaphor which represented M. THIERS and his friends as ungrateful mariners, scarcely escaped from storm and wreck, impiously invoking the winds and tempests for the destruction of the ark of France. The occasion was a strange one for the EMPEROR to deliver himself of a political *avertissement*; but just as English Premiers sometimes select a Lord Mayor's feast for their choicest political utterances, so the EMPEROR might have thought this trumpety occasion suitable for giving the Opposition deputies a hint that the liberty they enjoy is only the liberty to say and do exactly as they are told. "The circle of our Constitution"—once more recurring to a metaphor, which is always the convenient disguise of a fallacy or a falsehood—His MAJESTY observes, "is wide enough for any honest man to walk at his ease." From which the conclusion is plain, that, in the EMPEROR's judgment, those who find the political circle drawn in France narrow and secluded, the opportunities of expressing thought few and jealously guarded, the alleged means of controlling the acts of Government illusory and hypocritical, and who feel that they are deprived of any real part in public affairs further than in registering the Imperial decrees, are not honest men. The EMPEROR knows that the intelligence and literature and intellect of France groan and chafe under the restrictions on the press. The EMPEROR knows that freedom of debate and freedom of election are considered, not only by many distinguished Frenchmen, but by the whole European mind, as the most sacred of political rights; and he ventures to stigmatize as dishonest, as ingrates to Providence, traitors to their country, and servants of the Genius of Evil, all those who venture to say—only they are not allowed to say—that the liberty of the subject does not exist in France. No doubt these words were addressed to sympathizing ears. M. DE BONNECHOSE stood before the EMPEROR as the representative of a system which for centuries has tried to do what the EMPEROR has done during those last fifteen years which a Papal Cardinal tells him have been marked as an era in the course of Providence. We wonder that it did not occur to the EMPEROR that the Ablegate and the Cardinal were themselves the best commentary on his own policy. Rome, too, has said that "the circle" is wide enough for honest men. Rome, too, has tried what comes of the prostration of the intellect, of suppressing books, of denying liberty of speech, of confining administrative government to the officials and parasites of an Imperial system. Rome and the Pope of ROME are, at this very moment, displaying to the world the fruits of pure Imperialism. Is it possible that the EMPEROR cannot read the lesson which the history of the last thousand years has written on the face of Europe, and nowhere so palpably as in Rome itself?

## YOUNG POETS.

THE booksellers allow so many volumes of new poetry to be published every year that it does not make much difference whether the gods and men like these productions or not. The young aspirants get their chance, and that is all they want. They are perfectly aware that they are not going to make money by what they write, but they hope they may get fame; and, at any rate, they will have done all they can. They will have produced a definite and practical result, and so far will have reason to stroke their poetic consciences and be pleased. They have also, in nine cases out of ten, embodied their personal experiences, and, with more or less of secrecy, have described the happiness or misery they have endured at the hands of a young woman, or, more often, at the hands of three or four young women. It is some satisfaction to think that these chosen ones can scarcely be indifferent to the verses in which their power is recorded. The barb will, it is hoped, strike home into the heart of the faithless or the cold, while the reflective portions of the work will satisfactorily explain to those whom the poet has himself jilted the grounds of his philosophical conduct. Small collections of early poems answer, in this respect, that end which advertisers often set before themselves in the second column of the *Times*. They reveal to a person who is not to be got at directly the feelings and doings of a lover in whom an interest is taken by the secluded one. A father can prevent an undesirable young man from seeing or, perhaps, from writing to his daughter. But he cannot prevent an advertisement appearing in the *Times* containing the simple announcement that "The Key of the Piano is in the Coalhole," nor can he prevent his daughter having the clue to the riddle, and understanding by it that her photograph is always in or near her lover's waistcoat. In the same way, a young poet might have great difficulty in addressing any communication directly to an old love. They may have quarrelled, or he may have been shown the door, or she may be married, and in any of these cases he would find it not only indecorous but almost impossible to appeal to her in any direct way, and to invoke the memory of a happier past. He cannot sit down and in a note signed with his name remind her how fond they once were of looking into each other's eyes, and how they once thought each other's hand the prettiest plaything in the world. But he can say this in poetry, and he can publish the poem, and he can make himself very nearly sure that the young woman will read what he has said, and know that she and her eyes and hands are the real subject of a song which conveys no intimation whatever of this to the outside world. When, therefore, it is said by critics or by good-natured friends that a volume by a new young poet has failed, it may be very possible that it has succeeded much more than is supposed, and that it has carried a message which has no interest or meaning for any one else, but which it is a great pleasure to him to think he has conveyed.

But, in the sense that no one buys or reads them, most volumes by unknown young poets are failures; and although the mortification which this must tend to cause may be alleviated by many secret springs of consolation, yet, so far as the failure does bring with it disappointment and a sense of literary defeat, the poet goes through a sorrow which he might have avoided by the simple resource of not publishing. Very often it is wise in a man to go through this sorrow, which, after all, is of a slight and transitory kind, and produces a pain which can scarcely be said to equal that of going without dinner for a day. But we may imagine a person who has got a volume of poems ready, and is in doubt whether he should publish them—who has no private ends to serve, no young ladies to address secretly—who does not care about the self-education that may be derived from failure, and only wants to have the simple question answered, whether his poems are worth publishing or not. Criticism ought to be able to help him in this matter, and to supply some general test by which it may be determined whether compositions of this sort should be given to the world. Such a test, as it seems to us, criticism can supply, and the test is this. Is there, in the poems, novelty either of form or of thought? Novelty of one or the other there must be. If there is novelty of both, then there can be no question, and so much that is new ought not to be lost to the world. But to ask as much as this would be to ask so much that we might as well say that all young poets, except one or two in a hundred, had better put their manuscripts in the fire. Truth does not compel us to go to this severe extreme, for there is a value in poems which have novelty of form without any thought in them that is really new, and there is a value in poems which put the results of a quick imagination or of profound reflection in a form borrowed from a recognised poet. But, of the two, novelty of form is the most essential, and the first question that is generally to be asked as to poems about to be published is this—Do they say things in a way which is peculiar to the person saying them? Young poets might quarrel with this, and might urge that it is enough that the form should not be obviously secondhand. They would, however, alter their opinion if they would but survey the poems of their own time, and see how distinct and personal is the form which each poet has. Scott and Wordsworth and Tennyson have each a marked and distinct method of handling the subject they take in hand. They use different words, and put their words in a different order, and turn the whole subject in a different way. It is true that the form and the matter are not separated in the mind of the writer;

himself. Having a thing to say, he says it in the way that is most natural to him; but outside observers can see that this way that is natural to him is a way that is also peculiar to him. Nor is it only poets of a high order that give a distinct form to their writings. Every poet of any reputation has a distinct style. It is not only Mr. Tennyson that has a form of his own. Young poets rarely take the trouble to imitate any living poet under the rank of Mr. Tennyson; but the minor poets have distinct styles, and it is because they have this that they attract and please. Whatever else may be said of Mr. Browning, or Mr. Matthew Arnold, or Mr. Henry Taylor, or even of less aspiring composers—of Lord Houghton, for instance, or Mr. Coventry Patmore—this much at least may be said, that a poem written by them obviously comes from them, and has a cast that is recognisable and peculiar. But in the productions of unsuccessful young poets this is the very thing that is wanting. Page after page is turned over, and the versification may be good and clever in its way, but it is either imitative or colourless. The world has got the thing before, and does not want any more of it, and so the volume, when published, falls hopelessly flat.

Novelty and peculiarity of form is always worth having, even when the thoughts are commonplace. Moore, for example, wrote very much what would occur to all sorts of unpoetical people, but he wrote it as he only could write it. Novelty of thought, also, may occasionally, though very rarely, be found without novelty of form. Every now and then a mind presents itself which is in the bondage of imitation, which cannot find expression excepting in the mode which the long reading of a favourite author has made familiar, but which has a power and force of its own, and sees and thinks for itself. It is only possible that this should be the case to a limited extent. Either the mind is limited in its scope or it is unformed, and most often the latter. It is want of practice in writing and want of adhering steadily to a line of thought that makes the young poet catch hold of the expressions which come easy to him because they are secondhand, and which satisfy him because they have the sanction of a writer whom he reverences. This undoubtedly opens the door to some sort of uncertainty in the criticism of unpublished poetry. If it were true universally that poetry imitative in form is worthless, criticism would make short work of most minor poetry. It is almost universally true, and the exceptions are rare and uncertain, but it is not quite and absolutely true; and therefore a young poet may comfort himself with the notion that his case is one of the few exceptions. Still, it is a great thing to have arrived at the position that the presumption is very strong against him, and that thoughts must be very striking if they can claim novelty under the mask of an imitative expression. The young poet may also be reminded that this want of correspondence between the novelty of the thought and the novelty of the style is the indisputable mark of a minor poet. No man of anything like real power writes in a style, either in poetry or prose, which is not unmistakably his own. And to get new thoughts of any kind is a hard matter. A poet, in order to effect this, must have the luck to hit upon some unworked vein or range of subject that has been hitherto neglected, or that has been recently revealed; or else he must have a stronger power of reflection, a more lively imagination, and more vivid feelings than all but a few possess. It is natural for a young man, with a certain turn for poetry, to confuse the novelty which life and experience have for him with the novelty which really new views of life and experience have for the world. To him it is a great event, a great revelation, an opening into the marvellous and the infinite, that he should have made love with more or less of success to a fair being whom he happens to adore. But, to the world, love-making is a very old story, and it is immaterial whether any young person is undergoing such and such an emotion when he is only doing what all his neighbours have done. The poet thinks that he feels intensely what others feel superficially, and that he can set out in a harmonious form what others can barely describe in prose. This is what the real poet does. He uses words which reveal themselves to others; and, as we have said, the first sign of his ability to do this is almost always that he says what he says in a way that is his own. The aspirant who would own that he cannot express himself in any but an imitative way, and that the mental pains and pangs he describes are the lot of a great majority of that portion of mankind which has any sensibility at all, would have cleared the ground for discussing fairly whether there is anything unusual in his thoughts themselves, and would also have shown himself to be a very amiable and modest young man.

But if there is novelty neither of form nor of thought, the production is not poetry at all. It is a mere exercise, and is only to be judged, and praised or blamed, as an exercise would be. If, for example, a young person reads the *The Idylls of the King* through and through, until he knows it almost by heart, and then takes a subject from the series of legends about Arthur, and puts this legend into language like that which Mr. Tennyson has used, there will be no more merit or value in the result than there is in a good copy of Greek or Latin verses. The process is exactly the same, and the very object is to imitate. But although such compositions are not poetry, it does not follow they ought not to be made. When once we have got it clearly understood that they are only exercises, we can easily admit that they may be pleasant to compose, and not be wholly destitute of attraction to a particular class of readers. When a student has learnt to do an exercise quickly and well, he often feels a genuine delight in employing his skill and ingenuity in this way. He is surprised and flattered with the little

trouble it takes him to write fifty passable hexameters in an hour, or to do several hundred lines in the style of 'Enid' or 'Elaine.' Productions like these also please other people besides the producers. They are marketable articles. Some magazines will, we believe, pay very handsomely for compositions of this kind, just as, in the days when classical scholarship of the old sort flourished at the Universities, College fellows with a reputation for elegant taste would lay out solid, easily-earned shillings in the purchase of the prize poem of the day. The circle of those who watch the appearance of imitative poetry with interest because they themselves have a turn and liking for the art is large enough to make a clever specimen saleable; and in the case of the magazines it may be surmised that a large portion of their readers think that poetry is poetry, and relish, in their hasty and glancing way, a poem in the manner of Tennyson quite as much as one by the Laureate himself. There is nothing to object to in this, and all is very harmless and proper, so long as compositions of this sort are kept in their place, and are not thought to be poetry by the composers and their friends.

#### INTELLECTUAL DUTIES.

IN that little flux and reflux of common-places which is constantly in progress on important subjects, it used not many years ago to be popular to be a little in favour of intolerance. The sermons of Mr. Carlyle on the text that might be right, and the inclination displayed by various other writers to idolize every manifestation of strength of character—an inclination which led even to the worship of mere muscular power—were conspicuous illustrations, and at the same time causes, of this way of thinking. For the last few years, various other eminent writers, such as Mr. Mill in our own country and M. de Tocqueville in France, have given the public mind a little set in the other direction. People are struck with the advantages of freedom of opinion, and advocate the right, and even in some cases the duty, of every man to think for himself and get at the best results he can find. As in other such cases, neither party is very successful in finding a real solution of the difficulties which the other suggests. Let us try to indicate the mode by which such a solution may be found. A man has convinced himself that murder and adultery are virtuous actions. Is it right of him to think this, and to preach it far and wide? Or ought society at large, so long as his opinions do not take the form of actions, to abstain from all interference with them, not only by such violent measures as fine and imprisonment, but even by disapproval? Or, to take an illustration which to many minds may appear stronger, and which no doubt is more likely to arise—is a Christian justified in disapproving morally of a person who has conscientiously persuaded himself of the truth of atheism? On the other hand, is every one bound to disapprove morally of every one else who differs from him upon any important question relating to human affairs, to theology, morals, or politics? In point of fact, no one goes to either extreme. Every one, or almost every one, would consider himself justified in blaming, and even called upon to blame, in the one case, whilst the most extreme bigot would hardly do so in the other. Can any principle be suggested by which this ought to be regulated, or is it entirely a matter of individual feeling and association?

The difficulty will be found to arise from several mistakes not very easily observed. In the first place, almost every one takes a very confined view of the nature of opinions. It is generally supposed, or at least assumed, that a man chooses his opinions as he chooses his tailor—that the formation of an opinion is an isolated act which can be viewed apart from the rest of the life and behaviour of the person who forms it, and that it consists simply of passing a judgment upon a certain set of facts before the mind. Those who take this view may either affirm or deny the further proposition that acts of this class have a moral character, according as they are impressed with the advantages of freedom on the one hand or with those of truth on the other. The one side may say, You do a wicked act, for you injure mankind, as far as your influence goes, by holding false views on this important subject. The other may say, If people are punished or blamed for holding this view or that, they will be less likely to find out the truth, and so the world will be damaged. Thus this view of the nature of opinions, when combined with that anxiety for the interests of truth which is unquestionably proper, leads to contradictory results. The fact is that the view itself is untrue. Men's opinions are not isolated acts at all. They are, like all a man's actions, indissolubly connected with the rest of his life, which again is indissolubly connected with them. A particular man contends that there is no harm in lying. But why does he think so? Because he has a faint perception, or no perception at all, of the advantages of truth. But why has he a faint perception of the advantages of truth? Because he has always been accustomed to lie, and has little self-respect. But why has he always been accustomed to lie, and why has he little self-respect? Because he and his parents before him, and their parents before them, have been constantly oppressed by people stronger than themselves, and bred up to believe in a variety of gross superstitions which weaned their minds from truth in every shape, and led them to consider the processes by which truth is discovered as unsafe and probably wicked. A man's opinions are no more than the translation of his past and present life into theory—a translation more or less complete and vigorous according to his intellectual power and industry. The formation of an opinion, however, is itself an action no



less than the actions which lead to the formation of the opinion. Habitual lying is a step towards the opinion that there is no harm in telling a lie, but the formation of the opinion is a step in advance of the habit, and a step which the man himself takes. Opinions are amongst the links of that endless chain which we are constantly forging, and which when completed forms our life. Another matter which ought always to be borne in mind in reference to this subject is the fact that as great an exertion of all the moral faculties is required in the formation of opinions as in any other pursuit. To many men, and men of great importance to society, speculation is a business—the most momentous business which they have to transact. To every human creature who has opinions at all (and who has none?) the formation of them is a most important matter. In forming an opinion there is constant need of candour, honesty, self-denial, courage, industry, and many other virtues; and though the fact is not so much recognised, yet it is true that there is as much difference between a good man and a bad one in the conduct of the intellect as in the management of affairs or the exercise of a profession. There are many books which afford conclusive proof that their authors were liars and cowards, though the men may have held unblemished reputations in other respects, and have filled high positions in life. Many a man has been made a bishop for practices as dishonest in the way of argument as the forging of cheques in the way of commerce; and some popular preachers obtain ease, wealth, a high reputation, and a large sale for their books by pretences in every essential particular as false and fraudulent as selling wooden nutmegs or sanded sugar. Probably no great book was ever written which did not give the moral picture of the author. Gibbon's History, for instance, is a wonderful monument of industry and regard for truth; whilst at the same time it commemorates the prurience of its author, and the peculiar nature of the estimate which he had formed of the virtues which deserve the respect of mankind.

Putting together these observations, what do they prove as to the innocence or criminality of holding particular opinions? In the first place, they prove beyond all question that to every opinion whatever there is some moral side. Every opinion which a man can possibly hold is connected in some degree with his moral character. This is true, not only of matters of obvious importance to the interests of mankind, such as morals and theology, but of opinions on matters of fact. Some degree of application is necessary to understand and remember the multiplication table, and therefore the opinion that  $7 \times 9 = 63$  testifies to the exertion of some degree of industry on the part of those who hold it. If twelve men sit on a jury and hear a variety of people give their evidence, there is no sort of doubt that the view they take of it will depend to a great extent on their own moral character. A dishonest or licentious man will form a very different opinion of a given piece of evidence from his honest or temperate colleague. This is the justification of intolerance as far as it can be justified. It is what men ought to have in their minds when they say that certain opinions are impious, heretical, and damnable.

If intolerance is wrong, what is the answer to this? The answer is that intolerant people almost always draw the wrong inference from their premises. Instead of saying, "A. B., being a bad man, holds such and such opinions, therefore his wickedness has probably something to do with his holding these opinions," they say, "therefore the opinion itself is false and to be avoided." It is true that a man who holds a false opinion is probably to blame in some particular for holding it. If he had been a perfect man he would not have held it. But it by no means follows that every opinion which a bad man holds is false. Moral defects have an influence on men's opinions, and so have moral virtues; but the defects do not always lead to false opinions, nor the merits to true ones. Mahometanism is a false religion, but many a man, no doubt, has been led by his own vices to discover its falsehood. Many a rogue has been detected by the sympathetic instincts of another rogue who had opposite interests, where an honest man would have been deceived. Set a thief to catch a thief is a true proverb.

Taking this into account, it follows that, though there is a moral element in all opinion, it is generally very difficult to argue to the truth of an opinion from the character of those who hold it, or even to argue to the character of those who hold an opinion from its truth or falsehood. The great reason for believing or disbelieving any opinion is its truth or falsehood. But men are led to truth and falsehood by a thousand roads so intricately twisted together that it is extremely difficult to say what amount of praise or blame is due to any one for holding any opinion. For instance, a man is an atheist. Suppose he has been brought up in a creed so absurd or cruel as to give him a strong bias against believing in any supernatural agency, his position is obviously altogether different from that of a man who rejects theism in order to free himself from the restraints of morality. The two men might justify their creed by precisely the same arguments, yet they would be very different men, and most people would be disposed to pity the one and condemn the other. There are a dozen other roads which might lead to the same result, and each of them would require an entirely different moral judgment on the person who had adopted the opinion.

Thus the true foundation for toleration is not that there is no moral element in opinions, or that it is matter of indifference what a man thinks, but that it is impossible to frame general rules as

to the moral qualities which lead to particular opinions, and that, if such rules were framed, they would furnish no guide towards the truth of the opinions. In a few comparatively rare cases it might be otherwise; as, for instance, where a licentious man defended his own conduct theoretically. In such an instance, it would be reasonable enough to connect the theory and the practice, and condemn both, but these cases are very uncommon. As a general rule, it is easy enough to see how a man's character and circumstances correspond with his opinions, but it is perfectly impossible to assess in any moderately satisfactory way the praise or blame due to him on account of them.

#### AN OVERRULING PROVIDENCE.

IN the course of his recent speech at Bradford, Mr. Forster expressed himself to the effect that, if the South had been victorious, he should have doubted of the existence of an overruling Providence. It is a matter of congratulation that the doctrine in question is still possessed of the allegiance of so influential a disciple. But it is clear that an overruling Providence has had a very narrow escape. If Jackson had lived to fight at Gettysburg, or if Bragg had been a little more energetic at Chickamauga, the terrible contingency at which Mr. Forster hinted would have come to pass. Nor can the danger be said to have entirely gone by us yet. If it should turn out that the Federals are as little able to move to a distance from their gunboats in Georgia and Tennessee as they have hitherto been in Virginia, their prospects of success will be somewhat worse than doubtful. And in that case Mr. Forster will be compelled, firmly though reluctantly, to throw the doctrine of an overruling Providence overboard altogether.

Few people carry the popular view so boldly to its consequences as to stake their belief in a particular theological doctrine upon some future event which is still uncertain. Portuguese sailors beat their Madonna if she does not grant their prayers and change the wind; but more educated races seldom go so far as to exact from a supernatural Being, in whom they have hitherto believed, a specified arrangement of current events, as a *sine quâ non* of their continued loyalty. But still the view which Mr. Forster has put into this extreme form is a very common one. Many people argue precisely as he does, though they do not allow themselves to be led to the same results. They are strongly impressed with the belief that they are in the secrets of Providence, and that they know what causes Providence will prosper and what causes it will discourage. If the event should unfortunately turn out adversely to their view, they either forget all about it, or they take refuge in a wise inconsistency, and explain the designs of Providence with equal confidence upon the other side. Mr. Forster is more logical. Having previously settled to his own satisfaction that Providence, if it exists at all, must support the Federals, he naturally goes on to the inevitable inference, that, if the Federals are not supported, there can be no such thing as Providence. Both start from the same curious assumption that they and Providence must necessarily have the same ideas as to the policy, so to speak, upon which the world is to be governed. Mr. Forster has satisfied himself that the interests of the human race require that the Federals should win, and the Confederates be subjugated; and if Providence is not of the same opinion—so much the worse for Providence. It is easy enough to understand that men whose passions overpower their reason may hold such a creed as this without much difficulty, so far as contemporary events are concerned. Even if events should seem to be adverse, enough of hope generally remains to enable them to flatter themselves that the reverse is only temporary, and that Providence will show itself on the right side at last. The serious difficulty must arise when they betake themselves to the study of history. They must see that the ground is strewn with the wreck of causes at least as noble as American Abolitionism even in its most reasonable and least sanguinary form. How many movements towards a purer and truer religion have been quenched in blood, and quenched for ever! so that the countries in which they prevailed have sunk back exhausted into the embrace of superstition, and have lost for ever the power of freeing themselves from it. How often has freedom struggled against despotism in vain! In how many countries have the fairest fruits of human culture been withered for ever by barbarian invasion, so that the very memory of them has passed away from the lands where they once flourished! Upon the theory of an overruling Providence which always makes the right to win, how are those dreary pages in the world's history to be explained? If Mr. Forster had been an inhabitant of Carcassonne in the Albigensian days, or if he had witnessed the downfall of Roman liberty, or if he had lived when the blight of Mahomedan conquest was passing over the civilization of the Levant, it is difficult to conceive what his feelings towards an overruling Providence would have been. If he would have been compelled to disbelieve in Providence by the triumph of such men as Lee and Longstreet in America, it is difficult to guess what measures he would have taken to express his discontent if he had lived in the days of Caliph Omar. If the existence of an overruling Providence is to be looked upon as disproved every time that an evil cause succeeds, it is quite clear that, in the course of the world's history, Providence has sacrificed its title to be believed so often that the issue of the American war is immaterial to the question. It of course adds infinitely to the absurdity of a human being criticizing the ways of Providence, when the critic selects for his text a series of events upon which the more educated part of his own miserable species take a view

precisely the reverse of his own. The Confederate side has partisans as sincere as he is; and it is more than probable that among them may be found some enthusiasts who are quite prepared to disbelieve in an overruling Providence if the Confederates are beaten.

Familiarity with the intentions of Providence sometimes takes another and much more noxious form, especially among a class of enthusiasts whose religious convictions sit upon them very loosely, and who worship some "cause" or "idea" instead. There are few more dangerous members of society than those who are in the habit of settling all difficulties of conscience by discovering a Providential guidance. Such an authority, of course, once obtained, sets aside all the impediments which considerations of mere morality might offer; and as the marks by which you are to know a Providential guidance when you see it are quite unsettled, every man is at liberty to invent them for himself. Generally, when the phrase occurs either in a good book or in a political manifesto, it simply means either a convenient opportunity or a strong inclination. In the case of the good books, it is little more than a peculiar phraseology. If the hero of a tract falls very much in love, he is always providentially guided to propose. If he hears of a place where the master is kind, and the wages and the beer both good, he is providentially guided to take it. In one sense, taken retrospectively, the phrase is not only harmless, but may be the expression of sincere and well-founded gratitude. It is both rational and reverent in a man to ascribe to the benevolent provision of his Creator the combination of circumstances which may have induced him at any time to do a sensible act. But the fallacy begins to arise the moment the idea is used prospectively. The guidance of Providence, in the sense of an influence of which the subject of it is unconscious, may be a truth. But, in the sense of an intimation conveyed either to the person who is to act on it through an access of emotion, or by means of an apparent tendency in events, it is a delusion, and often a very dangerous one. It is so fascinating and so satisfactory to have your mind made up by an infallible authority; and if the infallible authority resides in your own breast, it is all the more comfortable, because his decisions are sure to be taken with a due regard to your feelings and interests. It is curious to watch how invariably this argument is resorted to in the political world when ordinary moral rules become embarrassing. The "manifest destiny" of the Americans, before it received so rude a check, was held to cover any wrongs they might commit against Indians and Mexicans. The forcible lesson they have received, that their destiny was not as manifest as they fancied, does not prevent them and their advocates from clinging to the same argument to justify their present enterprise. When the news of the taking of Vicksburg and the victory at Gettysburg arrived simultaneously, it was seriously argued, in a respectable London newspaper, that this was a Providential demonstration upon the side of the North. So in Europe, Frenchmen argue that Providence intended them to extend their frontier to the Rhine; and the Russians are fully persuaded that, in the original map of Providence, Constantinople was entered as Russian. At the present moment, the Germans are fond of cutting the knot of all the intricate arguments about succession and incorporation by observing that Germany cannot fulfil her providential mission unless she becomes a maritime Power. Even we cannot carry on our little war at the Antipodes without claiming the alliance of Providence. There is a considerable class of reasoners in England who cut short the question of tribal rights and treaty pledges by remarking that it is obviously the design of Providence that the white man should replace the savage. The prevalence of this argument is due of course in a great measure to its extreme convenience. But there is an intellectual fallacy at the bottom of it which accounts for its reception by many sincere disputants to whom an argument is something more than a pretext. It is simply a want of mental perspective—an outrageous exaggeration of the dimensions of the things which happen to be close to us. We cannot shake ourselves free from the arrogant idea that our own planet, our own race, our own generation, our own corner of the earth is the culmination of the Creator's work, and that in the events which pass through our field of view the final issues of creation are being fought out. If we could better preserve our sense of proportion, we might recognise the humiliating fact that the events of our day, visible from our point of view, are but an infinitesimal atom in the great whole. No one to whose mind this truth was present would dream that, from the mere fragment of the vast drama that falls under his view, he can grasp its real meaning, or conjecture the intentions which it is accomplishing.

#### THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

THAT the Shakespeare Memorial Committee appreciate the importance of doing something is apparent from the fact that they induced the Archbishop of Dublin to postpone his immediate duties in his new see for the purpose of presiding at their adjourned meeting on Monday. But even Dr. Trench's grave office, and his skill and experience in managing a meeting, did not do much towards getting the scheme into working order. The first business done consisted in adopting a suggestion of some Coventry weavers, that all the Shakspearians should, on the 23rd of April, wear a bunch of Coventry ribbons, whereupon the Coventry manufacturers subscribed twenty-five guineas to the fund. A good eye to business is always kept by Coventry. Being normally on the very verge of starvation, the Coventry manufacturers are always on the look-out for national celebrations. Coventry made

a good thing out of the Princess's wedding, and because Sir John Falstaff would not march through Coventry with a certain ragged regiment, Coventry has got a sort of literary right to get something out of Shakspeare. This combination of the mercantile with the monumental and poetical spirit might be carried a good deal further. If the Committee can get twenty-five guineas by ordering all the Shakspearians to wear Coventry rosettes, why should they not get another twenty-five guineas by proclaiming the necessity of Spitalfields silk scarfs? There are plenty of tradesmen who will subsidize the National Fund on these terms. A Moses coat, or Sydenham trousers, or a Townend hat, or Tower of Babel gloves—all these things are open to the Committee to recommend, and scrape a percentage out of them. Besides this great effort of adopting the Shakspeare ribbon and accepting the 26l. 5s. the Committee did little; and that little seems likely to bring the whole affair to a total collapse. At the previous meeting of January 11th, a Committee of literary notables was appointed to prepare an address to the public. But on Monday last they had no address to present. "In the absence of any report from the Committees which have been appointed to consider the questions of the form and site of a memorial in honour of Shakspeare, your Committee feel it would be premature to submit any address for public circulation." This is the lame and impotent conclusion which the Committee "beg to state" and "beg to report." Had they not been very literary gentlemen indeed, they might have written English, and said that they "begged leave to state" and "begged leave to report." The suggestions, however, which they do approve of are these—1. That a memorial be erected. 2. That the 23rd of April be a public holiday. 3. That there be a performance of music composed of the poetry of Shakspeare. 4. A series of Shakspeare's plays to commence on the 23rd of April. 5. A dinner on the 23rd of April. We have not the slightest conception what "music composed of the poetry of Shakspeare" is, or is to be. Music composed of written words is not Locke's music for *Macbeth*, nor Arne's setting of "Where the Bee Sucks," though probably this is what the Address Committee mean; but, being literary gentlemen, when they mean "music composed for poetry," they prefer to say "music composed of poetry." A cavilling and not very amicable discussion ensued on the question whether these suggestions are or are not identical with the programme launched by the Executive Committee—the friends of the old programme, Mr. Charles Reed and Mr. Jonas Levi, expressing their belief that the two documents are substantially the same, and construing the report of the Address Committee as a complete approval of the wisdom and discretion of the original scheme or programme proposed by the General Committee on which we ventured to comment last week. Mr. Theodore Martin promptly pointed out the difference, and he is right. The most foolish features of the programme are silently dropped; and we hear no more of the Shakspeare prize poems, or of the Shakspeare *soirée* in Westminster Hall.

The Committee then passed, by a very narrow majority, a resolution naming not less than 30,000*l.* as the sum to be expended on the Shakspeare Memorial. This resolution was opposed on the very reasonable ground that, as there was a Site Committee which had not reported on the proposed site, and a Monument Committee which at present had nothing to say about the design and character of the monument, and as there was also an Address Committee which declined under existing circumstances to speak *urbi et orbi*, it was the height of absurdity to fix the cost of a Memorial which was to include a monument (to be commenced in two months) not a plan of which was in existence, which was to be built nobody knew where, and the cost of which was to be raised by a public appeal which the authorities declined to issue. However, this absurdity was passed over by a majority, though a very slight one. And the Committee adjourned for one month—that is, till the 18th of February—leaving less than five weeks for the selection of a design for a monument which is to be begun on a site, we suppose in the clouds, on the 23rd of April. Several of the leading members of the Committee showed their sense of this ridiculous proceeding by immediate secession, announcing their conviction that the whole thing must end in disgraceful failure.

We must say that, if human ingenuity had taxed itself to the uttermost to make the Shakspeare Memorial a failure, and all things connected with it preposterous and ridiculous, they could not have taken more skilful proceedings to defeat an object praiseworthy and commendable in itself than by the line of conduct which they have throughout pursued. First, a small knot of "literary gentlemen" formed themselves into a Council, or Committee, or something of that sort. Then a portion of them—or rather the Secretaries—issue, as from authority, an unauthoritative and uncavanned Report of their own, as though it had been agreed upon by the whole Executive Committee. Then they delegate certain functions to certain sub-Committees who are to recommend certain definite objects, not one of which can be settled without reference to the others and to the whole plan. The consequence is, that the Executive Committee is paralysed by having abandoned certain preliminary and fundamental duties to certain sub-Committees; and not one of the sub-Committees can do, or say, or suggest anything on the points referred to them unless some other sub-Committee can agree to say or do something first. Everybody is at a complete dead-lock, and everybody waits for somebody else to begin. Sir Richard Strahan waits for the Earl of Chatham, and the Earl of Chatham deferentially attends the advance of Sir



Richard Strahan. The Address Committee was prepared, no doubt, with a rousing burst of eloquence to thunder on England and shake the arsenal of our neglect and apathy. Only the Address Committee, not having the faintest shadow of a conception whether the Memorial is to be a statue, or a theatre, or a literary gents' almshouse, or a Shakspeare scholarship (whatever that may be), or all of them together—or whether the whole thing is to be done at the cost of three thousand or thirty thousand or three hundred thousand pounds—or whether it is to be erected at Stratford, or, as somebody has proposed, on Primrose Hill, or at South Kensington, or in the hall of the Society of Arts—having, in short, no story to tell, prudently tells none. So with the Site Committee. Before they know whether they are to advise upon a statue or a lecture hall, they decline to commit themselves till the Memorial Committee has spoken. And, in their turn, the Memorial Committee, not knowing what funds they can reckon on, decline at present to recommend anything. It is just the old story—the monument waits for the funds, and the funds wait for the monument. Since that fine scene in the *Critic* where everybody's dagger is at everybody else's throat, only that everybody is afraid to begin, there has been no dead lock in dramatic action so complete as this. The Executive Committee throw the whole burden on the three subordinate Committees, and the three Committees, not having any ground to stand upon, must really decline to walk.

How this knot is to be untied we can not say; especially as, for the next month, which ought to be the working month for the entire scheme, both the Executive Committee and the three Sub-Committees have agreed to hibernate. Nobody has got power from anybody to do anything. In one thing only are they agreed. It is premature to ask for money, it is premature to ask for designs, it is premature to select or negotiate for a site; but it is not premature to get, without appealing for it, 30,000*l.* at least. Whether this 30,000*l.* will be forthcoming when nobody is empowered to ask for it—30,000*l.*, be it remembered, for a purpose which no human being has authority to settle or even to suggest, but possibly for a monument amongst other things, to be built nobody knows where by nobody knows whom, in Cloud-Cuckoo-Town or among the Spanish castles—is quite another matter. British faith, or British credulity, is a cow that stands a good deal of milking; but common sense must have left the proprietor of the British breeches-pocket if 30,000*l.* is to be had only because Mr. Dixon and Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, the secretaries of the National Shakspeare Committee, choose to pass a resolution that “30,000*l.* be received by public subscription for the Shakspeare Memorial.” A resolution “to receive” money might be very naturally passed by any Committee. We doubt whether there are any twelve persons in England who would not very cheerfully pass a unanimous resolution that “30,000*l.* be received.” But what is wanted is a resolution that “30,000*l.* be paid.” It certainly scarcely required an Archbishop in the chair for a meeting to pass a resolution “to receive 30,000*l.*” The ingenious gentlemen who appropriate our spoons and borrow our watches would be very glad to pass a similar resolution *nem. con.* All the world is for receiving not thirty, but thirty times thirty, thousand pounds, if they can only get it without saying what they want it for; but for an Executive Committee the problem is not “to receive,” but to raise. It may be that Dr. Trench's connexion with Ireland was the reason why he was brought down to put this most Hibernian resolution. It is the cart before the horse. Resolved that we “receive 30,000*l.*”; but how we are to get it, who is to ask for it, and what we are to do with it, at present we decline to say. No wonder that the Committee, having done this piece of business in so very business-like a way, resolved to suspend their labours for a month. The effort in the way of stupendous absurdity was quite enough to exhaust them. They are quite right in taking a month to sit upon their wind egg, especially as they have adopted the wise precaution to have laid no egg at all. The Committee can always say that their scheme has not failed, for it would puzzle the wisest ingenuity to say that there has ever been a scheme at all. For an undertaking even to break down it must have been launched; but it will be always open to the Committee to plead that before a man dies he must live. In this case there is nothing to die, nothing to fail, nothing to founder. Non-existence is above criticism:—

E nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.

We are no enemies to the scheme of a Shakspeare Memorial. It is a national discredit that there is no public monument to Shakspeare. This disgrace we would willingly see wiped away. Our regrets are confined to the unfortunate and unbusiness-like proceedings of this unlucky Committee; and, as we have spoken strongly, we will face the responsibility of remarking how the Shakspeare Memorial might have been managed. The Executive Committee might have abandoned the ambiguous and delusive term Shakspeare Memorial, and might have confined themselves to the scheme of a Shakspeare Monument. They might have appointed a body of artists and art-loving men to agree upon the character of the proposed Monument—such character to be simply and exclusively monumental. There ought to have been no attempt to combine the practical, as it is called, notion with the monumental—no theatre, no institution, no lectures, no scholarships, no feting, no soirées, no processions, no nonsense in a word. To this Art-Committee might have been given the power to select a design, to nominate the artist, and to agree upon the cost. And all this might have

been done before the subscription was commenced. Subscribers will never promise money to a scheme *in nubibus*. Given the scheme, and those who do not like it will not subscribe, but those who do will. And under these conditions, no matter what the cost was, the money would have been forthcoming. We have that faith in England's reverence for Shakspeare that we are sure it would not be the cost which would cause the failure of any well-considered Shakspeare Monument. Nor should we have any fear that the best design would not be forthcoming because the money was not even promised. High art is not the most costly, and artists of the best kind would gladly design on an entire uncertainty as to cost. As a rule, in these matters, the design must precede the subscription list. Something must be ventured, and it is better to venture on the monument first. The Prince Consort Memorial failed because the subscription preceded the plan. It is perhaps hoping against hope to express a faint notion that the evil done could even now be remedied. Mr. H. Dixon has grandiloquently promised that the book containing the minutes of the Shakspeare Memorial Committee shall be deposited in the British Museum, to which we have no objection, provided that its place in the British Museum is at the back of Mr. Panizzi's kitchen grate. And let the Executive Committee, after having got rid of those whose interference has only brought ridicule and contempt on their abortive proceedings, confine itself for the future to the single act of nominating the art judges we have suggested. Give these judges twelve months to come to a decision on the Monument, and funds will not, we believe, be lacking to carry out their recommendation. After having waited three hundred years, we see no great harm in waiting three hundred and one. We are no believers in mystical numbers.

#### THE LANGUAGES OF THE DUCHIES.

WHO was it that said that there is nothing so delusive as figures, except facts? We might certainly venture to apply the assumed position as to the delusiveness of facts to some of the questions at issue between Denmark and Germany. The peculiarity of the controversy is that the main positions on both sides are equally undeniable, and that a judgment can only be got at by balancing one thing against another. It is clearly so in the political argument. That Germany, whether as a Kingdom or as a Confederation, ends at the Eyder is indisputable. “*Eidora Romani terminus Imperii*” was the old saying, and it needs no argument to show that Holstein is, and that Schleswig is not, a member of the present German League. On the other hand, it is equally indisputable that, though Germany ends at the Eyder, yet the German nation does not end there. There is no doubt that Schleswig contains a considerable German population, and that it has long had a close dynastic connexion with German Holstein. German advocates assert an indissoluble union; Danish advocates answer that an indissoluble union between a fief of the Empire and a State which was not a fief of the Empire was an impossibility in feudal law. The Duchy of Holstein might, by forfeiture or escheat, revert to the Empire, while such forfeiture or escheat would of course not extend to the Duchy of Schleswig, whether looked on as absolutely independent or as a fief of Denmark. In the like sort, in Italy the house of Este for ages held Modena of the Emperor and Ferrara of the Pope. At last Clement VIII. annexed Ferrara as an escheat to the Holy See, but Modena remained untouched, because its suzerain put forward no claim. These old historical questions are met by equally contradictory positions as to modern treaties and the obligations of the different European Powers. If ever there was a case where the misapplied word “complications” is really in place, it is here. The thing is a complication. The Federal Execution, whether just or unjust, is a perfectly legal process in Holstein, and it in no way of itself contradicts the right of King Christian to the Duchy. But practically the Federal Execution has come to mean the accession of the Duke of Augustenburg to the ducal throne of Holstein. On the other hand, the accession of that prince to both duchies would not of itself imply any consequences favourable to the German cause. For the same person to be Duke of Schleswig and of Holstein, but without being King of Denmark, in no way necessarily carries with it any incorporation of Schleswig with Germany. It implies the non-incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark, and nothing more. Such a Duke might, just as much as his predecessors the Kings, reign in Holstein as a member of the German League, and in Schleswig as a prince either wholly independent or bound by vassalage to Denmark. The attraction of Duke Frederick in the eyes of the German party lies wholly in his personal tendencies, in the arrangements which he is likely to make, not in any legal consequences necessarily following on his accession rather than on that of King Christian.

If the political facts are thus complicated, the question of language and nationality, on which so much of the political argument turns, is equally complicated. It is hardly a paradox to say that we may believe the advocates of both sides in their most contradictory statements. What is the proportion of the German and Danish population in Schleswig? Danes often tell us that the Danes are two-thirds, and Germans often tell us that the Germans are two-thirds. We are quite ready to believe both. That is, we are quite ready to believe that two-thirds of the inhabitants speak Danish and also that two-thirds speak German. In all such border

districts there is always a large population speaking both languages—speaking one of them doubtless by preference, but still speaking both so habitually that neither can be called a foreign language to them. We can well believe that a third of the inhabitants speak Danish only, or German as a mere acquired language, that a third speak German only, or Danish as a mere acquired language, while another third speak Danish and German almost indifferently. If this be so, we can well understand that Danes should count this last third as Danish, and that Germans should count it as German. It is quite pardonable on both sides to do so. And yet both sides must be wrong in claiming it exclusively. Among such a bilingual population, though each man speaks both tongues fluently, yet he has not an equal love for both tongues. He may have spoken both from his childhood, and yet there is one of the two which he speaks by preference at his own fireside. If there be such a third of the people of Schleswig speaking Danish and German indifferently, still we may be sure that part of this third speaks Danish at its fireside, and that another part speaks German. In fixing the nationality of the inhabitants, some of this third—we cannot even guess what proportion—must fairly be counted as Danish, and others as German. But, to look at one practical point of complaint, if a man, whatever be his private preference, thoroughly understands both Danish and German, it is no great practical hardship to set him to listen to a sermon in either tongue.

It is from these mixed districts that the complaints come. It must be remembered that complaints are made on both sides. We hear both of German sermons preached to Danes and of Danish sermons preached to Germans. Again we can readily believe both. The same sort of thing always does happen, and, we suspect, always must happen, in every bilingual country. It is impossible to make any arrangement which does not leave somebody dissatisfied. We hear exactly the same complaints from those parts of our own island where both English and Welsh are spoken. No one ever yet so exactly hit the right thing as to satisfy everybody, both English and Welsh. And if the difference between English and Welsh were accompanied by any strong political feeling, no doubt admirable grievances might be got up on either side. We do not know whether the Schleswigers of either race are as fond of sermons as the Welsh are. If not, one might hint that to the Teutonic man, as he is found in England, there is something to be said in favour of the foreign sermon. Where it is clearly no good trying to listen, the soothing effect, inherent in sermons in most languages, is very largely increased.

We have started an analogy which may make the state of things in this unlucky Duchy somewhat more intelligible to Englishmen. But it must not be expected to be at all a perfect analogy. There is probably no exact analogy to be found, but different parts of Europe supply several imperfect analogies, a comparison of which, in their points of likeness and unlikeness, may perhaps do more to throw light upon the case than long columns of figures drawn up in the interest of either party. We have compared the conflict between German and Danish in Schleswig to the conflict between English and Welsh in many parts of Wales. And for the immediate purpose of that comparison the analogy is accurate enough. But it would soon break down if we tried to carry it much further. Which tongue answers to English, and which to Welsh? The answer must be different according to the different ways of looking at the question. Looking only at Denmark proper and Schleswig—even looking at the whole "Monarchy," including Holstein and Lauenburg—we might say that Danish answers to English, and German to Welsh. German is the language of a minority, the language of a corner of the country; Danish is the language of the majority, the language of the capital and of the central Government. But the moment we overleap an artificial political boundary, we might be inclined to turn the comparison the other way. Welsh is simply the language of a remote province, and the language only of particular classes within that province. It is cut off from all intercourse with other languages of its own class; Irish, Erse, Breton, are as isolated as itself. It daily gives way, though slowly, before the advance of English, and must some day die out, just as its sister Cornish has died out. It has no literature for which any one cares; it is never learned by any foreigner, except either as a matter of philological curiosity or for practical purposes within the country. German, meanwhile, though holding a position analogous to Welsh within the Danish dominions, holds an exactly opposite position to Welsh in its general European aspect. It is a great language, with a great literature. It is an aggressive and encroaching language, far more likely to swallow up Danish than to be swallowed up by it. Above all, the German-speaking territories of Denmark join on to Germany itself. Here is the great difference. The position of English with regard to Welsh would be totally different if the English dominions in Wales were conterminous with a Welsh-speaking country much larger than England. From a European point of view, we might be almost inclined to compare Danish to Welsh, as the language of a mere corner. But neither would this comparison hold. Welsh is the language of a province; Danish is the language of a nation, though of a small nation. Welsh is completely isolated; Danish, if it marches on German at the one end, marches at the other on its Scandinavian sisters, themselves the languages, though of small nations, yet emphatically of nations and not of provinces. Danish too has a literature—a literature doubtless not to be compared with that of Germany, but still less to be compared to the Welsh literature of sectarian sermons and local newspapers. Welsh is clearly doomed, though the day of its complete extinction is still probably far distant. But Danish, backed by the other

Scandinavian tongues behind it, though not likely to encroach upon German, seems quite strong enough to hold its own against it.

The fact that the German-speaking subjects of Denmark are conterminous with a larger German-speaking population is all-important in other ways also. Looking at the Danish Monarchy alone, its linguistic phenomena are not unlike those of England proper. Four or five distinct but kindred languages are spoken within the Danish dominions. A thousand years back, four or five distinct but kindred languages, Danish itself being one, were spoken within modern England. In England all have been fused into one common tongue. Vestiges of the old dialects may be hunted up in the form of local peculiarities, but there is one English tongue, spoken by every educated Englishman and understood by every Englishman of every kind. Even the local dialect of Southern Scotland, raised as it has been by political circumstances from a provincial into a quasi-national position, has given way to the common speech. But in Denmark the various Teutonic dialects still remain as distinct as they were in England in the time of Alfred. The cause of this difference doubtless is the complete isolation of England. Dane, Saxon, Frisian, had in England no foreign neighbours of his own speech; the kindred tongues therefore coalesced. In Denmark, Dane and Saxon have had kindred neighbours as it were to keep them up to the point, and the Frisian, having no common speech offered for his acceptance, has kept his own tongue alongside of both. Had Denmark been an island, like Britain, a common tongue would doubtless have been formed just as it has here.

This fact, again, bears upon another point in the question. It has often been remarked that the German of the German-speaking population of the Duchies is not the German which we learn, not the German of books, the German of statesmen, preachers, and professors. This is undoubtedly true. The native language of the Duchies, where it is not Danish or Frisian, is the Platt-Deutsch, a tongue which in some respects actually comes nearer to Danish than it does to the literary High-German. This Platt-Deutsch is of course the groundwork of our own language, anterior to the French infusion; its modern literary development is to be found in the Dutch of Holland. There is no doubt that a Platt-Deutsch-speaking man has far more difficulty in acquiring the literary High-German than an English—perhaps even than a Scotch—peasant has in acquiring the literary English. There is no doubt that this difference of language has its political effect in the present quarrel. It is plain that, not only in Schleswig, but in Holstein and Lauenburg, the mass of the Platt-Deutsch-speaking people of the country are far less zealous in the German cause than the people of the towns, who are more within the reach of High-German literary influences. Still the contiguity of Germany hinders this difference of language from having the effect which it otherwise would. Platt-Deutsch has for centuries had no literature. High-German presents itself to the Platt-Deutsch-speaking man as the language of civilization and refinement, the language of cities and of learned men. Before he can be of any literary or political weight, he must turn himself into a High-German. Danish, in short, remains national within its own bounds, while Platt-Deutsch has become provincial everywhere. We may regret the degradation of a sister-tongue, but we cannot alter the fact.

Again, it is undoubtedly true that the German subjects of Denmark are not the only Germans living under an alien Government. In Courland and Livonia there are Germans living under a far more alien and an incomparably worse Government. Will United Germany reclaim them? The answer is that the Germans of Courland and Livonia are isolated. United Germany cannot get at them, while it can get at the Germans of the Duchies. But why cannot it get at other Germans under an alien Power—Germans conterminous with Germany, as much as those who are subjects of Denmark? German Elsass has been turned into French Alsace, and the Free Imperial City of Strasburg has sunk into Strasburg, *chef-lieu* of a French department. Why not rather recover these lost brethren, undeniably to the great advantage of Europe, if the thing could be done? Doubtless mainly because France is great and Denmark is small. We do not mean merely because a war with France is more dangerous than a war with Denmark, though that of course has a good deal to do with it. A great State like France, and especially a State of the peculiar character of France, has a power of incorporation and assimilation which does not belong to a small State like Denmark. The existing generation of Alsations, Burgundians, Lotharingians, is compelled to become French, and their descendants in a generation or two are born French. If German is an aggressive and encroaching language as compared with Danish, French is a language incomparably more aggressive and encroaching than German. We fear that the lost brethren in Alsace are less anxious to be recovered than the lost brethren in Schleswig. If we are wrong in so thinking, we shall be delighted to hear it.

Altogether, this question of Denmark and the Duchies requires a good deal of historical, legal, and philological knowledge rightly to understand it. Whatever Lord Russell's powers in this way may be, he will not get much enlightenment from Count Vitthum, who has been favouring him and the world with his views about Charles VI. and the Pragmatic Sanction. According to the Count, when Charles VI. died, his hereditary subjects defended the rights of "the Empress." We beg to remind the Count that they did nothing of the kind, but defended the rights of the Queen of Hungary against the reigning Emperor Charles VII. Maria Theresa undoubtedly afterwards became Empress by the



election of her husband as Emperor; but it was for a Queen of Hungary, not for an Empress of any kind, that the Hungarians rose, and it was a Queen of Hungary, not an Empress, whose rights were no less vigorously asserted in the British Parliament. Count Vitzthum seemingly believes that Maria Theresa inherited the Roman Empire by virtue of the Pragmatic Sanction as well as the Archduchy of Austria. This is as funny as the notion of the *Times* that the new-born Prince traces his descent from the Conqueror through "the son of the wandering Princess Elizabeth." The Hungarians did, indeed, speak of Maria Theresa as "Rex noster," but we never before heard that the Princess Sophia was ever invested with the masculine dignities of Duke or Elector.

#### CALCESCENCE.

ON the 4th of December last, Dr. Akin read before the Natural Science Society, in the University of Cambridge, a discourse on the subject of calcescence, of which we now purpose to give a brief outline. In order to bring the subject-matter of his discourse the more clearly before his audience, he deemed it expedient to begin, *ab ovo*, with a definition of Optics. Optics, or the science of light, he observed, may be naturally subdivided into three branches—namely, into the theories, 1. of the Form and Origin of Light; 2. of its Propagation; and 3. of its Perception and General Effects. The theory of the perception of light has, in modern times, been made into a separate science, under the name of Physiological Optics. The propagation of light, likewise, is the almost exclusive object of what is now generally spoken of as Physical Optics; but the form, origin, and effects of light have been hitherto very insufficiently considered, whether in separate works or in general treatises of optics. As to the form or nature of light, the lecturer observed that its consideration seems the more important as there is a tendency to speak of light and its propagation as of identical facts; whilst—according to Dr. Young, the modern founder of the undulatory theory of light, and the most competent of his followers—light, in its essence, consists in the vibratory motions of ponderable matter, but is propagated in space in the form of rays, by the undulatory motion of the hypothetical fluid of ether. With respect to the effects of light, it may be generally mentioned that, probably, every physical fact which is capable of producing light may, in its turn, be reproduced by existing light, and *vice versa*. At these matters the lecturer glanced but lightly; but for the object of his discourse he found it necessary to dwell at some length upon the subject of the origin of light, of which every complete treatise of optics should endeavour to give an account, though generally this is neglected. Before entering, however, into further explanations, he deemed it useful to allow himself an apparent digression. Light in itself, as before stated, consists in certain vibrations of the ponderable molecules of matter. On the frequency of these vibrations depends, in the first place, the colour of light; but, next, it has been ascertained also that the range of vibrations perceptible by the eye is limited in extent—red light, which is produced by the slowest vibrations, being represented by 460 billions in a second; and violet light, which is produced by the quickest vibrations, being represented by 730 billions in a second. Now, whilst the perceptibility of molecular vibrations as light is thus restricted to those of a certain quickness, yet other vibrations also—be it of less or more rapidity than is required for visibility—may be performed by the molecules of matter. The vibrations of longer periods than correspond to the luminiferous, on impinging upon other matter, are mostly sensible by their calorific effect; whilst those of shorter periods, under the same circumstances, are often rendered sensible by the chemical processes which they induce in the substances on which they are incident. To designate these three species of vibrations, or radiations—the visible, those of longer, and those of shorter periods, which are thus principally distinguished physiologically, but physically differ only from one another by the rapidity of their periods, in which respect the visible radiations of different colour differ also among themselves—Dr. Akin proposed the following terms, which he considered preferable to those now in partial use, on account of their being free from the ambiguous and often mistaken meanings to which the latter are liable. His new nomenclature was formed from the names of the discoverers of the several species of radiations, or, at least, of their existence within the solar spectrum. Hence, the visible radiations were designated as *Newtonian*; those of less rapidity were called *Herschellian*; finally, those of greater rapidity, *Ritterian*. Having gone so far, the lecturer remarked that, since vibrations or radiations of different species are in all essential respects alike, or distinct from one another quantitatively rather than qualitatively, the title of a general Theory of Radiation might be in many cases substituted with advantage for that of Optics. At any rate, in his discourse, instead of dwelling simply on the subject of the origin of light or luminosity, he intended to speak of the origin of the state of radiation, or of *radiescence*, in general.

Radiescence, he said, may be engendered in matter in three different modes. In the first place, it may show itself under the form of Spontaneous Radiation. This designation, according to the lecturer, may be applied to all cases of radiescence the origin of which cannot be traced, apparently at least, any further, and which, therefore, may be considered as having originated simultaneously with the matter of the molecular vibrations of which it consists, at the beginning of all things. Indeed, there is just as much reason to suppose that matter came into existence in a state of internal commotion as to assume that it came into existence in a state of

absolute rest. If this statement appear unsatisfactory to account for seemingly spontaneous radiescence, we may suppose, with Sir H. Davy, that the molecules of matter, in the absence of other causes, perform their revolutions in infinitesimal space, in consequence of a certain impressed tangential motion acting in concert with some intermolecular attraction, in the same way as the planets are whirled about in infinite space in consequence of their impressed projectile motion acting in concert with the attraction of gravity. This is the first mode in which radiescence may be engendered. Another, and different, mode may be designated generally as a Production of Radiation. It comprises the generation of radiescence by the transformation of finite complex motion into infinitesimal molecular motion, as in friction; its generation in consequence of morphological change, as in some cases of crystallization, or of chemical change, as in the process of combustion; and, finally, its generation by electrical agency, as in the voltaic arc, for instance. There is, lastly, a third mode of engendering radiescence, which may be termed a Reproduction of Radiations. Under this head may be classed all those instances of radiescence which are owing to the incidence of rays of one body upon another, by which is produced, in most cases, a double phenomenon. Of the incident rays, namely, a great part are reflected, be it regularly or irregularly, at the surface of the body on which they impinge, by the process termed *Diffusion*, which is supposed to be owing to the agency of ether merely. The remainder, on the contrary, penetrate into the mass, and thence are often capable of affecting its molecules, the radiescent state of which consequently undergoes more or less alteration, as does, hence, the nature and amount of rays which they emit into space. Rays thus caused to be emitted may be spoken of as engendered by the process of *Renovation* of incident rays. The renovation of incident rays frequently takes place under circumstances in which the original radiator and the renovator of rays are locally separated; but very often also—and, upon the whole, perhaps most frequently—the renovation takes place upon the condition of their contact or mutual interpenetration. Many of the latter instances are of considerable importance and interest; for brevity's sake, however, Dr. Akin confined himself, in his subsequent explanations, to the cases in which the source and the reproducer of rays are locally distinct.

The phenomena of ray-renovation, of the kind just adverted to, are manifold; but only those have been hitherto scientifically studied which may be comprized under the name of Fluorescence or Phosphorescence by Irradiation, and which are exhibited, among others, by the famous Bolognese stones, by diamonds, by certain varieties of fluor-spar, and the like. The discovery of the *rationale* of these phenomena, the knowledge of many of which is old, has been for the most part made but recently, its having been found that they consisted in an emission by renovation of visible or Newtonian rays, consequent upon the incidence of either Newtonian rays of shorter periods—or, in a few cases, of exactly the same periods—or of Ritterian rays, whose periods are generally shorter than those of any amongst the Newtonian. This emission of luminous rays is, in all instances, simultaneous with the incidence of the exterior active rays by which they are engendered; its duration, however, is generally protracted beyond the time of incidence of exterior rays, from a very small fraction of a second to many days' length. In the first stages of the discovery of these phenomena, it was this protraction of the state of luminosity beyond the duration of the incidence of the generative exterior rays which almost exclusively attracted attention; but more recently, when it was discovered that such luminosity might be engendered by invisible Ritterian rays even, or by visible or Newtonian rays of different periods from those emitted by the fluorescent substance, it was the *transmutation* of different rays into one another thus exhibited which was justly considered as of special importance. On reflecting on these facts upon some occasions, a thought, the lecturer said, forced itself upon his mind which, as he subsequently found, had simultaneously been entertained by others also, but perhaps in a less distinct form—certainly without anything being adduced in the shape of proof of the correctness of the idea which could stand criticism, and, still less, without any experiments being proposed by which that thought might be put into practice. The state of the case is this. It has been mentioned before that there exist three kinds of rays, more or less specifically distinct—Herschellian, Newtonian, and Ritterian; and it has been stated that fluorescence is caused by a transmutation, in the process of renovation, of Ritterian rays into Newtonian, and of Newtonian rays into other Newtonian rays of less rapidity. This constitutes two species of ray-permutations, or transmutations; but it is evident that the three species of rays above enumerated afford room for twelve different permutations, if the transmutation of the rays of one species into those of another species, or into others of the same species, but either of less or of greater rapidity, be each separately counted. Of these twelve species of transmutations, of which two occur in fluorescence, there remain thus ten undiscovered; but two of these latter being pre-eminently important, the principal question which arose in Dr. Akin's mind was whether it might not be possible to practically realize these two last-mentioned undiscovered transmutations, to which he proposed, in the outset, to confine his attention. The two transmutations alluded to are—the transmutation of the invisible Herschellian rays into the visible Newtonian; and of the Newtonian rays into others of the same species, but of greater rapidity. These evidently form the counterpart of the two transmutations which occur in fluorescence; and, to designate them, the term *Calcescence* has been suggested. To realize these two

transmutations, most scientific persons will agree, is of great importance; and Dr. Akin, fortunately, had his thoughts directed to some more or less familiar facts which, while they convinced him that such transmutations are not against the course of nature, at the same time suggested to him several experiments for their practical and unambiguous realization. Of these experiments he described the following only, in its simplest form—as it seems the easiest to perform, and the most promising of success. It is well known that metals may be rendered self-luminous or incandescent, for more or less time, in various ways. One of these, it may be inferred from experiments, would be to expose the metal intended to be rendered incandescent to the solar rays, as concentrated in the focus of a burning-mirror. In this case, the incandescence or luminosity produced would be evidently engendered by the joint heating action of the three species of rays—Herschellie, Newtonic, and Ritteric—which emanate from the sun, and, by means of the mirror, are made to converge at its focus. It is known however that, of all these, the Herschellie radiation of the sun is perhaps calorifically the most powerful. Hence, if—by means of proper absorbents or diaphragms interposed between the mirror and its focus—the Ritteric and Newtonic rays, for instance, were eliminated, and thus prevented from reaching the metal at the focus, whilst the Herschellie rays were, on the contrary, allowed to pass in more or less quantity, it would only require a mirror sufficiently large for the Herschellie rays, which are made to converge at its focus, to be of sufficient calorific intensity to raise the metal to the temperature of red-heat, and thus to excite the desired state of incandescence. In an experiment of this kind, successfully performed, the transmutation of invisible Herschellie rays into visible or Newtonic rays would have been effected just as the transmutation of invisible Ritteric rays into visible Newtonic rays is accomplished in fluorescence. Again, if, instead of the Ritteric and all the Newtonic rays, only the Ritteric rays and the Newtonic of comparatively short periods were eliminated—but the Newtonic rays of longer periods, on the contrary, were transmitted to the focus, it might be alone, or together with the Herschellie—it would be easy to adjust matters so that the temperature of the metal should be at once such as to render it incandescent, and to cause it to emit rays of shorter periods than the shortest among the incident. This would be the converse phenomenon of the transmutation of Newtonic rays into others of longer periods, which takes place in fluorescence.

The matter, thus stated, will appear almost a similar instance to the problem of Columbus's egg; but it will be acknowledged at the same time that, in its scientific bearings, the question under consideration is of a very different order. Dr. Akin stated also that, simple though his plan would seem, and important as its object had been acknowledged to be, he had vainly endeavoured for nearly a year to procure for it a practical trial. At length he was fortunate enough to induce his friend, the Deputy Professor of Experimental Philosophy in the University of Oxford, to join him in some attempts which they together made with the apparatus at the disposal of the latter. But, unfortunately, the burning-mirror at their command, being of comparatively small dimensions (eighteen inches diameter), to be rendered at all efficient required some adventitious contrivances which, from various untoward events, could not be completed. At the last meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, Dr. Akin communicated his plan to that body, in a paper which is to appear *in extenso* in their forthcoming Reports; and they consequently placed at the disposal of himself and his Oxford collaborator a sum of money for the execution of his proposed experiments with better instruments than they had previously employed. If his perseverance, which in the course of his present undertaking has been put to manifold and severe trials, forsake him not, and if the aid promised fail him not, Dr. Akin hopes that, in the course of next summer, he will be able to bring his experiments to a successful termination.

#### CRICKET.

THE publication of *The Cricket Chronicle* for 1863 furnishes an agreeable opportunity of reviewing, by the winter fireside, the doings of bright summer days. It would be far, however, from the truth to say that the last cricket season was all sunshine, for the *Chronicle* records many matches that were interrupted, and some that were left unfinished, through the rain. But there was one match, and that one the most popular of the season, which ended in a draw only because the whole of two brilliant days did not suffice to play it out. The question is probably still debated whether Harrow would not have won the match at Lord's with Eton if there had been time for Harrow to begin and finish its second innings. To say that the question is debated is perhaps not quite correct, for doubtless each school holds, as a matter beyond controversy, that its champions would have been victorious if there had been any Joshua in the field to bid the sun stand still until the battle had been fought out. The friends of both schools can only hope that the match of the coming season may be played as well, and be played to a conclusion, and that they may be at Lord's to see as much of it as the imperious calls of their various duties will permit. Whatever may have been their paths in life, and whatever honours or fortune they may have attained, they will doubtless confess, with a feeling akin to sadness, that they have seldom known a joy like that of a young cricketer

when he makes, for the first time, a brilliant hit or catch in the sight of the two schools and all their friends.

Oh! could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been!

That line has been quoted lately by a popular writer in its most obvious application to the love which cannot be renewed. But it may suggest to some minds the memory of a boyish triumph in athletic sport, which was far more keenly relished than all the professional or social distinctions gained in maturer years. "Eton," says the *Chronicle*, "were all out for the fine score of 184, to nearly half of which Mr. Tritton contributed." Was there in all England a happier or prouder heart than Mr. Tritton's when he scored 91 runs in the first innings of Eton, and 58 in the second? Will there come in the life of Mr. Tritton many happier or prouder days than those? The attendance on the second day, being Saturday, was even greater than on the first, and Eton took possession of the wickets at half-past twelve o'clock and kept them until half-past seven. Mr. Lubbock scored in this second innings of Eton 80 runs. Harrow had scored in its first innings 268 runs, and Eton scored in its second innings 285, so that, if the match could have gone on, Harrow would have had to get 202 runs to win. The greatest score made by any Harrow man was Mr. Hornby's 68. It was hard upon Harrow to be kept out during almost the whole of Saturday, and to be deprived by want of time of what impartial spectators must have considered as a very fair chance of winning. Such disappointment might be avoided in future years, by allowing three days for the match, as is done in some of the most important matches played by older hands. There can be no question that the ground would be crowded with spectators as long as the match lasted, but if it came to an end within two days, the loss of a day at Lord's, where every hour of the season is valuable, would be serious. The truth is, that this ground is becoming every year more inadequate to the demands upon it, and if cricket grows, as it is likely to do, in popularity, some other site must be found, affording as nearly as possible equal convenience to players and spectators. There is plenty of good ground at Kennington Oval, and among other interesting matches played there during last season was that between Rugby and Marlborough schools, but the situation is not so convenient as Lord's for the class of spectators who give and receive pleasure by witnessing matches among the great public schools. Two days were more than enough for the annual match at Lord's between the two Universities, which ended in favour of Oxford at one o'clock on the second day. The scores in this match were small, and there was no free hitting until the second innings of Oxford, when Mr. Inge "opened his shoulders to the slows" and won the match. There have been two matches between Gentlemen and Players, one at Lord's, and another at the Oval, and both were won by the Players in little more than a single innings. The result of the first match was largely due to Hayward, who scored without losing his wicket 112 runs, being only one run short of the whole number obtained by the Gentlemen in their first innings. There are many gentlemen whose batting is nearly if not quite as good as that of the professionals, but it is in bowling, which is the ordinary business of the player's life, that he usually surpasses those who, taking to cricket as an amusement, not unnaturally choose as far as possible the most lively part of it. As long as professional bowlers are largely employed on every cricket-ground, it is scarcely to be expected that the result of these matches will be different from what it has lately been. The Players have now beaten the Gentlemen at Lord's for ten successive years, the last victory of the Gentlemen having been gained in 1853. A match was, however, played in 1862 at the Oval, which ended in a draw when the Gentlemen looked like winning it. The general result is something similar to that attained upon the Turf, where Fordham or Challoner might safely give 7lbs. to the best gentleman rider in all England. It is true that, in riding, there is no regular apprenticeship for gentlemen, whereas one part of cricket—namely, fielding—is taught at the public schools quite as systematically as verse-making. Almost the only sport at which amateurs could be safely backed against professionals is rowing; and even at that, a crew of watermen equally well trained with a University crew, and equally disposed to work and not to spare themselves—if such a crew could be found—would be hard to beat. It need occasion, however, neither surprise nor regret to find that in all arts the best of teachers is necessary.

The remark has been lately made that at Lord's there are plenty of players but no ground, while at the Oval there is plenty of ground but no players. Without accepting this statement as literally true, it must be confessed that cricket in the country has some advantages over the same game played in town. The cricket week at Canterbury, as it is one of the most celebrated, so it is one of the most attractive of provincial meetings. It could only be a very enthusiastic Londoner who would prefer the scenery of St. John's Wood or Kennington to that of Canterbury; and even the most devoted cockney must admit that, by the second week of August, a change from the air of London is likely to affect beneficially both the health and spirits. Hence, if any admirer of cricket desires to see the game under its most attractive aspect, he cannot do better than to spend the great week at Canterbury. It is true that some of the glory of Kent as a cricketing county has of late years departed. Time was when Kent could meet any county of England, or all England combined, upon equal terms. The principal match of last season at Canterbury was between eleven of England



and thirteen of Kent. It was one of the most interesting and best contested matches of the whole season. The second innings of England finished at five o'clock in the afternoon of the second day. Kent only wanted 91 runs to win, and they had made 191 in their first innings. If they could by cautious play have saved their wickets until next day, and got to work freshly in the morning, it would have been no difficult task to put together 91 runs. But the tide of fortune turned, and ran against them strongly. When time was called that evening, they had lost 7 wickets for 29 runs, and next day the remaining wickets were disposed of by half-past twelve o'clock, leaving England winners by 25 runs. A match at Lord's earlier in the season, upon the same terms, had ended even more disastrously for Kent, as England won on that occasion in a single innings. Two matches between the counties of Kent and Surrey also resulted in defeats of Kent. In the first match, played at Tunbridge Wells, Surrey gained an easy victory in one innings, with 41 runs over. At Kennington Oval, a month later, it looked on the third day as if Kent would win. They put Surrey in for 192 to win, and with good luck they might hope to get all, or nearly all, the Surrey wickets before this long score was made. But the men of Surrey, who had played well throughout, played overpoweringly well now. Mortlock lost his wicket for 20 runs, and then Stephenson and Jupp finished the match between them.

Among the most interesting matches of the season are those between North and South. Three of these matches were played last year, and all with the same result of victory for the North. The first, played at Manchester, was won by the North easily. In the second match, played at Lord's, the South had scored in their first innings 184 runs, of which Mr. E. M. Grace contributed 73. This gentleman has been conspicuous throughout the season for his long scores, and it is stated that he has made altogether more than 3,000 runs. The South went in for the second time with only 108 runs wanting to win the game. But Mr. Grace did nothing at all for them in his second innings, and his and all the other wickets fell for 30 runs less than the required score. In the third match, played at Liverpool, the North scored 114 and the South 115 in their first innings. It is stated that in the second innings of the North, "so difficult was it to get runs, and so true was the bowling," that Carpenter was in an hour and a half for 13 runs. Willsher, of Kent, who was bowling for the South, delivered 28 balls, off which only one run was got, and he followed this up by four successive maiden-overs. This is the very highest style of scientific cricket, which causes uninstructed persons who are watching it to inquire with some impatience when the game is going to begin. It seems hard that neither Mr. Grace's batting, nor Willsher's bowling, nor anything else, could win this third match for the South. The North accomplished, under the difficulties before described, a score of 146 in their second innings. The South were only able to get as far as 61. Another match, which seems to have become annual, is that between the Government and the Opposition. It is interesting, not so much for the play, as for the opportunities for "chaff" among the spectators. The play might, indeed, be greatly improved if the Government could get together a better team, for it must be allowed that up to the present time the great Liberal party have shown themselves little better than duffers in the cricket-field. The compiler of the *Chronicle* good-naturedly suggests that the labours of Government on behalf of the country disable them from competing with their more robust and light-hearted opponents. There may be some truth in this remark, but it is quite possible that before long the exhausting and enervating effect of office may be tried upon the Conservatives. The experiment of endeavouring thus to weaken them at cricket does not seem much more hopeful than that which Mr. Samuel Weller proposed to his enemies of trying to ruin him by leaving him a fortune. It is to be feared besides that the Liberals would scarcely consider the winning of a match at cricket a compensation for the loss of office, and even if they could be satisfied with this compensation they would not be likely to obtain it. Something ought, if possible, to be done to make the Liberals rather stronger in the cricket-field than they are. Victory in a match with the Conservatives must be beyond their wildest hopes; but surely they ought to do a little better than get beaten in one innings by 77 runs. Are there not one or two boroughs disposable by the Treasury for which cricketers might be brought in? One or two first-rate bats on the Government side would make considerable havoc of the Opposition bowling. It might be possible to find among late members of University eleven a combination of brilliant cricketing power with fair aptitude for Parliamentary business. If this suggestion be not adopted there is only one other which appears at all hopeful—namely, to get Lord Palmerston to play in the next match himself.

## REVIEWS.

### ARICHANDRA, THE MARTYR OF TRUTH.\*

ORIENTAL scholars may perhaps be able to determine the date of the play of *Arichandra*, and to estimate the mythological orthodoxy of the doctrine which it embodies. The translator conjectures that the drama, in its present form, was composed

\* *Arichandra, the Martyr of Truth. A Tamil Drama.* Translated by Mutu Coomara Swamy, Madellar, Barrister-at-law.

about five hundred years ago by some poet who enjoyed the patronage of the Kings of Madura. He adds that, of about a hundred surviving plays in the Tamil language, *Arichandra* is the most popular:—

The fate of its hero and heroine has again and again drawn tears from the crowds who so eagerly congregate in all parts of Southern India and Tamil-Ceylon to witness its representation. To have thus attained the foremost rank, despite its numerous competitors, the work must have possessed some distinctive merit of its own, or portrayed those sentiments which were most in unison with those of the people among whom it found so hearty a reception. Hence its title to be a fitting specimen of the Tamil drama.

The actors who, with scarcely the Thespian apparatus of a cart, collect midnight crowds in an Indian street to applaud their performance, undoubtedly appeal to opinions and associations which have a real existence among their hearers. It can scarcely be supposed that all the wild fables of the drama are accepted as historical, but the theological scheme must correspond generally with popular belief, and the moral which is inculcated with primitive simplicity and iteration must represent the ideal aspirations of the audience, though it is probably by no means exemplified in their practice. With such considerations the grave student who scorns idle recreation may reconcile himself to the perusal of a story which is as amusing and incredible as one of the *Arabian Nights*. The fortunes of *Arichandra* are more marvellous than those of Sindbad or Aladdin, and yet it is evident that the story was not compiled exclusively for purposes of pastime. The heroes of Haroun Alraschid's cycle, in the midst of their wonderful adventures, appear to have been almost wholly devoid of moral attributes, either good or evil. *Arichandra*, on the other hand, is a faultless character, and all the events of his story are caused by his unswerving preference of duty to prosperity or ease. The deserved felicity of his later life is completed by his good luck in meeting with a highly competent translator. Mutu Coomara Swamy is a Hindoo gentleman of Ceylon, a member of the Legislative Council of the colony, and a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. His preface and notes show his intimate acquaintance with the literature of his native tongue, and his perfect mastery of English has rarely been equalled by a foreigner of any country. Except from passages where, in the exercise of a sound judgment, he has intentionally retained the original construction, it would be almost impossible to discover that the translator was not an Englishman. His patriotic feeling, however, is indirectly indicated by his frequent references to the philosophical dogmas which underlie the popular legends of India. The elaborate fabric of Oriental metaphysics has probably a value of its own, but conjectural generalizations in the form of allegories are less interesting than the fables of the vulgar creed. Hindoo theorists, as well as Europeans, have produced many of those systems of philosophy which are well described in one of Mr. Henry Taylor's dramas:—

They say a thing is thus, and thus, and thus,  
Just as another thing is thus and thus;  
Though how or wherefore either thing came thus,  
They nothing know.

The mythology of the Tamil play proves the remarkable accuracy of Southey in the *Curse of Kehama*. In both fables, the doctrine of works receives the same inconvenient extension through the almost unlimited power which is acquired by the performance of certain rites and austerities. Indra and all the gods of the terrestrial system are bound by laws which occasionally subject them to the control of earthly sages; or perhaps it may be said that the chieftainship of the Devas is rather an office than a personal rank, and that, by some constitutional process, a successful Kehama may dismiss the reigning Indra into the ranks of the Opposition. Instead of securing a majority of votes, the candidate must succeed in sacrificing a hundred horses according to specified conditions. Interpreters of allegories might perhaps discover that an apparently whimsical arrangement symbolizes the predominance of natural laws over all individual existence. Southey seems to have made a mistake when he deprived Kehama by a quibble of the legitimate reward of his achievements. According to the Tamil dramatist, Indra himself had acquired his position by sacrificing horses, and it would seem to follow that he was fairly at the mercy of an equally fortunate competitor. In both stories, the supremacy of moral virtue is maintained by gods of a higher order, and especially by Siva, the Jupiter of the Hindoo Olympus. *Arichandra* pays unqualified obedience both to the higher and lower rules of duty which respectively arise from the arbitrary precepts of Brahminical theology, and from the lofty morality which the popular religion seems rather to acknowledge than to inculcate. No Christian Fakcer of mediæval legend submits with more abject resignation to the tyranny of spiritual oppressors, but in his resolute adherence to truth and to conjugal fidelity the Indian king rises far above the level of a monk. The community which appreciates so genuine a form of heroism and saintliness is assuredly not altogether degraded. As the Hindoo translator remarks, with a pardonable sneer at the missionaries of an alien faith:—

It may be a source of some encouragement to those who inculcate the desirability of improving the benighted Indians with a better code of morals than that which their own systems of philosophy teach, that even amongst them are to be found admirers of such characters as *Arichandra*, who, though persecuted for his persistent adherence to truth and virtue, yet maintains his constancy to the last, regardless of consequences, in the midst of the most execrating tortures and in the presence of death itself.

Arichandra is the King of Ayodiah or Oude, the chief of the Solar race, and the model of all royal excellence and good fortune. On the report of some travelling Brahmins, he falls in love with the Princess Sandramati, and in a kind of competitive examination of the kings of India he proves his title to the prize by discerning a magic necklace, which was only visible to the destined husband of the lady. After his triumphal return to Ayodiah with his bride, the scene changes to the Paradise or terrestrial heaven, where Indra inquires who is the most virtuous sovereign on Earth, the first of mortals who has never told a lie. The sage Vasitta answers that Arichandra, King of Ayodiah, has never swerved from the laws of *Manu*, and that in all his life he has not once uttered a falsehood. The more formidable sage Wis-Wámitra bursts in like Satan in the Prologue to the Book of Job—a parallel which Mîtu Coomâra Swâmy properly takes care to point out. "Well done! well said!" ejaculates the vehement philosopher. "Indra, art thou so easily duped? Knowest thou not how wicked, how false is Arichandra? Learn, then, that in his head dwells all iniquity; that fraud, lust, greediness, and malice are his grand characteristics. He is cruel as the God of Death; as ignorant as a beast of the forest. Never even once has a benevolent thought crossed his mind." The sage afterwards adds that "Arichandra has told lies, will tell lies; that he is the greatest liar in existence"; and if Indra had been an accurate judge of character he would perhaps have suspected that so passionate a denunciation was unjust or exaggerated. The superlatives, however, of Wis-Wámitra belong to the nature of the composition, which, both in sentiment and in incident, is dashed with the most glaring colours to attract the attention of popular spectators. Indra contents himself with the suggestion that sages who have overcome all human weaknesses ought not to put themselves in a passion; and he proposes a wager to determine, at Arichandra's expense, which of the disputants has spoken the truth. Wis-Wámitra, like Satan, leaves the assembly to tempt and torment the subject of the experiment, and he by no means confines his persecutions to the destruction of flocks and herds, although he fails to hit on the device of friendly comforters with their sermons of remonstrance. His curiously tyrannical proceedings are singularly illustrative of Hindoo superstitions and modes of thought. The patience of Arichandra also belongs to the East, but his unflinching adherence to principle is a proof that the race which he represents shares the highest qualities of humanity. M. Renan, in his didactic idyl, assures his disciples that Asiatics are incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood. The humble stage of a Ceylon village appears to contradict his complacent assertion.

Wis-Wámitra commences his enterprise by requesting a gift of a large amount of gold, which Arichandra of course immediately bestows. The sage, with a view to his further plot, requests the King to keep the money for a season, and he then sends all the beasts and birds of the forest to desolate the fields of Ayodiah. Arichandra, however, is invincible by animals or by men, and the invading herds, including a gigantic boar, are at once destroyed by himself and his huntmen. As it must be impossible to represent the chase upon the stage, the story is told in an animated narrative or ode by the chief huntman, who describes the bears, the tigers, the elephants, and the wolves, as if they were fighting and falling in the sight of the spectators. Compliance with the greater part of the stage-directions in the play is equally impracticable, but a simple audience has a ready and plastic faith which supplies all defects of scenes or machinery. It is not until dramatic art has risen and fallen that the art of the scene-painter is substituted for the creative and receptive faculties. The miraculous boar, however, must be rudely represented in the drama, as he politely inquires of the sage who has created him, "Of what service can an object of such insignificance as myself be to thee?"

The next temptation is presented in the form of two dancing-girls whom Wis-Wámitra has endowed with perfect beauty in the hope that they may obtain admission into the Royal zenana. Arichandra positively refuses to be unfaithful to Sandramati, and when the sage insists on his compliance, he declares that he will rather give him his state and throne "than transgress the paths of rectitude." Wis-Wámitra takes him at his word, and after depriving him of his crown and property he ingeniously demands the treasure which had been deposited in the king's hands after its transfer by gift. To the answer that the gold is ready in the treasury, the sage replies with admirable acuteness:—

You have no right to say that the gold which is now mine should be set against that which you promised me, but never gave me. Away, away with your sophistry. I will yet be charitable, and forgive your deceitful conduct. Declare then that you never pledged yourself to give me the gold, or that, having done so, yet you do not consider yourself bound to pay it. Can I treat you more leniently?

The virtuous king will neither lie nor cheat his creditor, and accordingly, with his wife and child, he is delivered to a tormentor, in the form of a Brahmin, until he has raised the money at the holy city of Kâsi, or Benares. To his cruel attendant, Nekshetra, he behaves with the profoundest submission, and during the journey he frequently saves the Brahmin's life at the risk of his own. After undergoing numerous sufferings and tortures, he sells his wife and child to pay his debt to Wis-Wámitra; and finally, his faithful Minister, who had followed him into exile, sells his master at his own request to pay Nekshetra for his trouble, and the tormentor, as he departs, at last acknowledges the unequalled virtue of the victim whom he had long insulted and persecuted.

The climax of the story is constructed with considerable skill in the accumulation of intolerable sufferings. Sandramati and her child Devadesa have become the slaves of a Brahmin, who sends the boy into the woods to gather sacred grass for religious ceremonies. The child is killed by a serpent, and the mother finds the corpse and carries it to a cemetery, where she requests the keeper to burn it. Arichandra has in the meantime been sold to the Pariah Veravakoo, who is public executioner and burier of the dead. In consistency with his unvarying rule of conduct, he conscientiously obeys the orders of his master, and it is the dethroned king who is watching in the burial-ground when his wife brings the body of his son. It is his duty, before he complies with her request, to require payment of the proper fees, and the penniless wife and mother is forced to leave the body while she attempts to beg the necessary sum from her master. On her way home, finding the body of an infant who had been stolen from the palace of the King of Kâsi, she in a frenzy accuses herself of the murder, and ultimately she is condemned to death, though the king, with a caution unknown to the Continental judges of Europe, refuses to convict her, without further evidence, on her own confession. As the slave of the executioner, Arichandra is ordered to behead his wife, and, faithful to the last, he determines to discharge his duty, and exhorts her to prepare herself for death. He tells the tempter Wis-Wámitra, who appears at the fatal moment to offer him full reparation on condition of his telling a lie, that he no longer dreads his wrath or courts his favour:—

This keen sabre will do its duty. Thou dead, thy husband dies too; this self-same sword shall pierce my breast. First the child, then the wife, last the husband; all victims of a sage's wrath. I, the martyr of Truth. Thou and thy son, martyrs for me, the martyr of Truth. Yes, let us die cheerfully, and bear our ills meekly. Yea, let all men perish, let all gods cease to exist, let the stars that shine above grow dim, let all seas be dried up, let all mountains be levelled to the ground, let wars rage, blood flow in streams, let millions of millions of Arichandras be thus persecuted; yet, let Truth be maintained; let Truth ride victorious over all; let Truth be the light, Truth the guide, Truth alone the lasting solace of mortals and immortals. Die, then, O Goddess of Chastity. Die at this the shrine of thy sister Goddess of Truth.

It is difficult to believe that so eloquent a burst of English declamation has been written by a native Hindoo. The dramatic merit of the original falls below the highest order, because Arichandra is not a living individuality, but a symbol or representative of certain abstract qualities. Yet the literary ability of the author of the play is conspicuously displayed in the gradual aggravation of the sufferings of the martyr, until all the victims of the sage's hatred are grouped together in a state of hopeless misery, which at the same time converts itself into a triumph. It is almost a disappointment to find that, like his Arab prototype, Arichandra is to be materially rewarded by the restoration and increase of his former prosperity.

The knot has become insoluble by human means, and it is time for the gods to descend. When the sword strikes the neck of Sandramati it changes into a garland of pearls, and suddenly all the gods, the sages, and the kings appear to the view of Arichandra. Siva commands him to resume his kingdom, and restores his son to life, as well as the child of the King of Kâsi. Arichandra objects that the slave of a Pariah cannot become a king, nor the slave of a Brahmin a queen. The difficulty is removed by the declaration of Veravakoo that he is Yama, the God of Death, and Sandramati's master avows himself to be Agni, the God of Fire. Vasitta declares that the cemetery itself is not a cemetery, but, as it now appears in its true form, a holy grove, the abode of hermits and ascetics. The King and Queen are therefore unpolluted by their apparent degradation, and after Wis-Wámitra has tendered an off-hand apology for his conduct, which seems to be thought satisfactory, Indra and his retinue are commanded by Siva to escort Arichandra back to his dominions, and to recrown him Emperor of Ayodiah. It may be assumed that there his latter end was more blessed than the beginning. The number of his camels and sheep and oxen is not recorded, but as Siva wishes that his reign may be long, he probably saw his sons and his sons' sons, even to four generations. To the native spectators of the drama which records his virtues he provides excitement and pleasure which is not devoid of a moral lesson. English readers also will find genuine amusement in his story, and they will scarcely meet with a work which transfers their imagination so easily into a remote time and region where they will recognise no familiar object beyond the domestic affections and the belief in the paramount eminence of duty.

#### HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.\*

IF it is difficult generally to recognise the real shape and make of a poet's thoughts in what Mr. Lewes happily calls the plaster cast of a translation, the difficulty is greater than usual with Heine, whose peculiarities of thought and expression are in so large a measure carried off by the strange music of his language. *Heine's Book of Songs* by Mr. Leland is a very different work from *Heine's Book of Songs* by Heine. But Mr. Leland's translation has the merit of being an honest plaster cast. It is not a smug little half-original statuette. It gives the literal English of what Heine said in German, and merely alters the structure so as to bring in occasionally an English rhyme. We have therefore, if not the form of Heine's songs, at least the thoughts contained in them. A reader who knew nothing

\* *Heine's Book of Songs*. Translated by Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia: 1864.



of German, and nothing of Heine except his general reputation, might gather from this volume a fair notion of the thoughts that ran in Heine's mind before the accidents of his life and the events of his time turned his bitterness of soul into the channel of political criticism. In this volume Heine shows enough of what he was to reveal the secret of his power. He loved as all poets have loved, and he was miserable as most poets have been miserable. But he had the peculiarity of seeing both his love and his misery in their relation to the outer world. He thought of himself as men ordinarily think of themselves with reference to what they have done; at the same time he thought and felt as men feel while still under a strong passion or emotion. For the world in general and for the men in it, not excepting himself, Heine had a genuine and profound contempt. He was preyed upon by that scepticism which has been truly said to be the only scepticism that is real and final—the scepticism as to the sincerity of mankind. He disbelieved in all men,—poets, princes, the mob and the wise—and he seems to have disbelieved in all women, including even the woman he was in love with. At the same time he was stirred by passions which were tender and profound so far as ardour is identical with profundity; and he relished and delighted in nature, not, as some haters of humanity have loved it, as a contrast to the turbid restless world of man, but as a region in which a wild fancy could sport freely, like that of a child wandering in a forest and picturing to itself a thousand wonders. It is this union of the cynical mind with the gushing impulsive heart that makes Heine stand alone among German poets. Byron presented something of the same union, but although Byron was a much greater poet than Heine, his cynicism was much more artificial; and after coming across the cutting, sharp lines of Heine's desolation and desolating scepticism, we feel as if Byron's cynicism and aversion to mankind were not much beyond those of a petted, melancholy, and angry schoolboy.

There are many poems in the volume which are full of the mere rapture and ardour of a happy lover, or of the tenderness of a lover whose soul is full of the thoughts of a love that is lost to him. There are, again, others in which Heine's sympathy with external nature, and his pleasure in identifying nature with his fancies, are powerfully exhibited. In neither does he seem to us a great poet. As a lover, he is rapturous, but not subtle, or delicate, or deep; in his communings with nature he is more fanciful and quaint than anything else. But in both spheres he convinces us that he was true. He had the real instinctive feelings of a poet, not made, but born. The following lines are presented with all the disadvantages of the baldest plaster cast of a translation, but they have a fervour in them which is unmistakably that of a poet and a lover:—

The stars have stood unmoving  
Thousands of years above,  
Each gazing on the other  
In the fond pain of love.  
They speak a copious language,  
The sweetest ever heard;  
Yet none of all the linguists  
Can speak of it a word.  
Yet I right well have learned it,  
Through every tense and case;  
And the grammar of my study  
Was my heart's own dearest's face.

And if a lover ought sometimes to be melancholy, in order that love-making may not be too wearisome, what more can a melancholy lover say than this?—

Why are the roses so pale of hue,  
Oh, tell me, dearest, why?  
Why in the grass fresh bathed in dew  
Do the violets silent lie?  
Why does the lark far-sailing fleet  
Sing with such wailing cries?  
And why from the sweet meadow-sweet  
Do corpse-like vapors rise?  
And why does the sun on the meadow gleam  
With such a chilling gloom?  
Why is the earth so gray and grim,  
And dismal as a tomb?  
Why am I myself so sad and lone,  
My dearest darling, say?  
Oh, speak, my heart's all-dearest one,  
Why did you turn away?

Of Heine's far-fetched but still picturesque mode of dealing with nature, and of the strange play of his wayward fancy, no better specimen can be given than the well-known lines on the Pine-tree. Nothing can be more unreal than the notion of a tree in the North mourning in distant sympathy with a tree in the South, but the simple and forcible language in which this fancy is conveyed gives it a consistency and a sort of grandeur which is wanting in the thought itself:—

A pine-tree's standing lonely  
In the North on a mountain's brow,  
Nodding, with whitest cover,  
Wrapped up by the ice and snow.  
He's dreaming of a palm-tree,  
Which, far in the Morning Land,  
Lonely and silent sorrows  
Mid burning rocks and sand.

Heine's misery and desolation were also real, and it is this basis of reality which makes his poems effective. He does not pretend to be miserable in order that his cynicism may be effective, but

he is miserable with a misery that strikes home to us. It is true that most poets who say they are miserable feel a disquiet that is very painful to themselves; but there is generally a feeling produced by their effusions that the poet who can sing and rhyme is consolable. Heine's misery is not of this sort. It is the desolation of a man whose whole soul is eaten up with bitterness, and who can, by a simple, short, vigorous touch, make us know that he was feeling anguish. The following lines are so impressive through the abrupt naked disclosure of despair with which they end, and the contrast they present between the smiling face of nature and the sorrowing soul of a sinful man, that they almost surprise and startle us as if the sudden wish with which they close were gratified, and we heard the sharp whiz of the ball:—

My heart, my heart is weary,  
Yet merrily beams the May;  
And I lean against the linen,  
High up on the terrace gray.  
The town-moat far below me  
Runs silent, and sad, and blue;  
A boy in a boat floats o'er it,  
Still fishing and whistling too.  
And a beautiful varied picture  
Spreads out beyond the flood,—  
Fair houses, and gardens, and people,  
And cattle, and meadow, and wood.  
Young maidens are bleaching the linen,  
They leap as they go and come;  
And the mill-wheel is dripping with diamonds,  
I list to its far-away hum.  
And high on yon old gray castle  
A sentry-box peeps o'er;  
While a young red-coated soldier  
Is pacing beside the door.  
He handles his shining musket,  
Which gleams in the sunlight red;  
He balts, he presents, and shoulders:—  
I wish that he'd shoot me dead!

It is true that a great part of Heine's misery was his own fault. If he had lived a respectable, cleanly life, he would have thought better of the world, and he would have escaped his own reproaches. But the consciousness of error and of wasted years does not lighten the burden of the soul. Heine did not deceive himself. He did not think the whole world wrong, and himself the one injured right-thinking exception. It was a part of his great misery that his misery in a measure came from himself. Nothing can be stated more plainly than this is, in the song called "The Shipwrecked," the finest and most impressive composition, as we venture to think, in this collection. Few readers, probably, will go through it without having Mr. Tennyson's *Mand* brought to their recollection; and few will fail to own that there is a ring of truth and depth in Heine's lines which is necessarily wanting in the sorrows of the imaginary morbid hero of *Mand*:—

Lost hope and lost love! All is in ruins!  
And I myself, like a dead body  
Thrown back by the angry sea,  
Lie on the sea-beach:  
On the waste, barren sea-beach,  
Before me rolls a waste of water,  
Behind me lies starvation and sorrow,  
And above me are rolling the storm-clouds,  
The formless, dark-gray daughters of air,  
Which from the sea, in cloudy buckets,  
Scoop up the water,  
Ever wearied lifting and lifting,  
And then pour it again in the sea,—  
A mournful, wearisome business,  
And useless, too, as this life of mine.  
The waves are murm'ring, the sea-gulls screaming,  
Old remembrances seem floating round,  
Long-vanished visions, long-faded pictures,  
Torturing, yet sweet, seem living once more!

There lives a maid in Norland,  
A lovely maid, right queenly;  
Her slender, cypress-like figure  
Is clasped by a passionate snowy-white robe:  
The dusky ringlet-fitness,  
Like a night of rapture,  
From the lofty braid-crowned forehead comes pouring,  
Twining all dreamily sweet  
Round the sweet and snow-pale features;  
And from the sweet and snow-pale features,  
Great and wondrous, gleams a dark eye,  
Like a sun of jet-black fire.

O thou bright black sun, how oft,  
Enraptured oft, I drank from thee  
Wild glances of inspiration,  
And stood all quivering, drunk with their fire,—  
And then swept a smile all mild and dove-like  
Round the lips high mantling, proud and lovely;  
And the lips high mantling, proud and lovely,  
Breathed forth words as sweet as moonlight,  
Soft as the perfume of roses:—  
Then my soul rose up in rapture  
And flew, like an eagle, high up to heaven!

Hush! ye billows and sea-mews!  
All is long over,—hope and fortune,  
Fortune and true love! I lie on the sea-beach.  
A weary and wreck-rained man,  
Still pressing my face, hot glowing,  
Into the cold, wet sand.

We have given these extracts at length, and dwelt upon this side of Heine's poetry, because it seems to give the key to the real merits of his poems, so far as we can separate their merits—as we must

do in criticizing a translation—from the beauty of form with which the poet clothed his thoughts. The cynicism and biting satire of Heine are the characteristics of his verse which most naturally strike us, and which give the pungency and the relish to his compositions. But his cynicism and his satire would be flat and pallid if they did not come from a man who had true poetical feeling. And if his cynicism is sometimes amusing it is sometimes coarse, and in his love songs amounts to little more than the expression of a conviction that his love and his lady's love will both pass away, and that some one else will enjoy her smiles while he is making himself happy after a fashion elsewhere. On the other hand, his contempt, where it was genuine, was sometimes good-natured, and he is seldom more pleasant than when, as in the following lines, he is laughing at his own honest admirers:—

I can never speak too highly  
Of this amiable young fellow;  
Oft he treated me to oysters,  
Good old hock, and cordials mellow.  
Neatly fit his coat and trousers;  
His cravats are worth admiring;  
And he sees me every morning,  
Of my state of health inquiring,  
Of my great renown still speaking,  
Of my wit and condescension,  
And to aid me or to serve me  
Does his best without pretension.  
Every evening to the ladies,  
In the tones of one inspired,  
He declaims my "heavenly poems,"  
Which the world has so admired.  
Oh, but is it not refreshing  
Still to find such persons flying,—  
And in times like these, when truly  
All the better sort seem dying?

In this volume we see the elements out of which the compositions of Heine's later days were worked. There are, indeed, even in this collection, some fragments which are full of that mixture of license, recklessness, ingenuity, sincere feeling, and quaintness, which shines in the productions which Heine sent forth from his asylum of protracted agony. Here, however, in these poems of his younger days, he rather touches lightly and in a characteristic manner on solemn subjects, than pours forth all the force and brilliancy that was in him. Sometimes the fun which he offers us would be thought rather feeble in an author of less established fame. It does not require much genius to change abruptly from a poetical description of a "Night on the sea-shore" to such a common-place as that it is dangerous to be out too long on cold nights, because "we, the undying, easily catch the divinest catarrhs and coughs which may last us for ever." Even where the play of feeling is stronger, and the contrast between the poetic and the satirical is more forcibly marked, the impression produced is that of oddity, quite as much as of power. It is only by taking these poems as a whole, and by collecting attentively the scattered threads of various thoughts and intermingling states of mind, that we can do justice to the productions in which, when we understand the writer, we see the greatest amount of his peculiar excellence. What Mr. Leland has done is to give us in English a very valuable means of arriving at a general notion of the structure and direction of Heine's mind, while his powers were still growing, but when he had attained that distinctness and individuality of thought and expression which never afterwards deserted him.

#### THE DESTINY OF THE NATIONS.\*

OUR old acquaintance Dr. Cumming has published another little prospective history of the world, not differing very materially from its predecessors. He entertains a pious opinion, though he does not put it forward as an article of faith, that we are now on our very last legs. Probably the year 1867 or 1868 will see the end of us all. He may be wrong, he will not speak with confidence, but this is what things look like. Shake up in a bag Togarmah and his bands, Daniel's times, time, and half a time, the little horn, the beast, the false prophet, and the other figures of the Apocalypse, and this is the net result. We have between two and three years to run, either before or after which—as far as we can make it out—not only the end of the world, but many other surprising events are to take place. There is a great difficulty about this, for Dr. Cumming is so profuse with his illustrations, and so cautious and humble when he comes to his predictions, that it is extremely hard to make out what he really does mean. The following programme, however, appears to him probable. Speaking of 1867, or the beginning of 1868, he says:—"At which period they that arrive are blessed, for then Romanism should die or be destroyed, and the sun should rise over nations wrecked but then restored—that sun that shall one day have no western declension." In plain words, the world is to come to an end in 1868.

Before the world comes to an end, various nations are to fulfil their destiny. The prospects of Russia, oddly enough, are the clearest. Its destiny is foretold in Ezekiel xxxix. 2, 4:—"I will put hooks into thy jaws (to wit, in the Crimea, says Dr. Cumming), and I will bring thee forth after many days, and I will cause thee to come up from the north parts, and will bring thee upon the moun-

tains of Israel. Thou shalt fall upon the mountains of Israel, thou and all thy bands, and the people that is with thee." This means, according to Dr. Cumming, that Russia is to conquer Constantinople and attack Palestine, where she will find the Jews—who in the meantime will have been restored—and will attempt to conquer them. "Her success, however, is her calamity. Her reaching Palestine flushed with victory is her ruin. Having forgotten the lesson read her in being turned back with hooks in her jaws, she returns to her never-forgotten enterprise, cleaves her path to Jerusalem, and falls with the weight, and disappears with the speed, of an avalanche under a tropical sun." Therefore Dr. Cumming thinks it probable that between 1864 and 1868 the Jews will be restored, and Russia destroyed in the attempt to conquer them. Rome, too, is to be destroyed. Not merely is the Papacy to fall, but Dr. Cumming seems to think the city itself will be miraculously overthrown.

There is a good deal of difficulty about France, which it appears has a "prophetic destiny," part of which is that she is to be the leading country of Papal Europe, and the headquarters of some at least, perhaps two, of three Apocalyptic frogs which play an important part in one of the Apocalyptic visions. These frogs have a good deal of English spawn. Mr. Pope Hennessy and Sir George Bowyer, whose activity Dr. Cumming appears to consider portentous and more or less supernatural, are the junior tadpoles of the family. Dr. Colenso is the youngest tenant of the adjacent ditch. What is to happen to France for breeding these frogs does not precisely appear. Perhaps the French may be called upon to devour their own children. It appears, however, on the whole, that something dreadful is to happen to them.

The prospects of England are entirely satisfactory. Queen Victoria is the Queen of Sheba, which means India. There is a verse in Ezekiel which says that Tarshish and his young lions (the junior members of the well-known British firm), with Dedan and Sheba, shall go in vessels of bulrushes to a people scattered and peeled; and this probably means that the English people will carry the Jews back to Palestine in their steamers, which are obviously alluded to by the vessels of bulrushes. England, moreover, as a Protestant country, gets out of a variety of complications about the ten horns of the beast; and altogether, in a national point of view, we are to go to heaven, or at least to sail straight into the millennium with every sail set and all our colours flying:—

ENGLAND [says Dr. Cumming, in small capitals] WILL NOT GO DOWN AMIDST THE CATASTROPHE OF NATIONS. IT WILL LAST TO THE END, STRONG, PROSPEROUS, AND GREAT. I believe on two grounds—first, because she left the apostasy at the great Reformation; secondly, because we are reserved for the very last day in full force as the Tarshish of prophecy, to lend all our greatness to carry the children of Zion home—that our country's sun will go on brightening like the shining light; and that Old England's glory will not set till it melt into the splendour of a millennial and lasting day.

It is a curious question what will be the practical effect of this. There are in all probability as choice a collection of rascals within the four seas as are to be found in any part of Europe, not to say the world at large. Is every thief, burglar, garotte robber, and religious hypocrite like the gentlemen of distinguished piety who live by forging acceptances, who can manage to live into the millennium, to have a thousand years' lease of heaven from some day in 1867 or 1868? If this is the case, it will certainly be the oddest arrangement that can be conceived. If not, what meaning is it possible to attach to the special advantages which Dr. Cumming claims for this country? Think of the vast number of thoroughly respectable people in Russia and of outrageous villains in London, and consider the propriety of taking some 60,000,000 Russians all the way down to Jerusalem to be utterly destroyed, whilst all the convicts at Portland are singing Hosannah, and otherwise "fading into the light of the millennial day." This, or something like this, Dr. Cumming considers probable, natural, and the sort of event which a good pious man would expect (though he may not venture to predict it with absolute certainty), on the ground of certain barely intelligible verses in the Book of Ezekiel, which, by trying desperately hard and making all sorts of guesses, it is just possible to strain into something a little like a metaphorical hint at the required result. It must, indeed, be observed that the importance of living on into the millennium is somewhat diminished by various hints which are thrown out to the effect that it is to be followed by a general restoration of the nations previously destroyed. If Russia is to last up to the year 1866 or thereabouts, and is then to be destroyed, and to be set up rather better than new in 1868, there is, after all, not so much difference between that wicked nation and our own blessed and holy native land. It is difficult to say whether this improves Dr. Cumming's case. It makes it harder to understand it, and it deprives his prophecy of some at least of those occasional glimpses of a meaning which at times appear to enlighten it.

This is perhaps enough for our readers about Dr. Cumming. We have often had occasion to expose in detail his monstrous ignorance, impartially distributed over a great variety of subjects. The present work affords the usual harvest of blunders, though we are glad to be able to say that he appears to be rather more careful with his classics than of old. Is it a groundless vanity to hope that our gentle remonstrances induced him to take a turn at his *Arnold's Exercises*? Perhaps in some future work he may give up the assertion, which is flatly contradicted by all maps and geography books, that Bagdad is on the Euphrates; and in process of time he may possibly believe our reiterated statement that the Turks were a Tartar

\* *The Destiny of the Nations, as indicated in Prophecy.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1864.



horde who had nothing particular to do with the Euphrates. The Ottoman Turks who conquered Constantinople had no sort of connexion with the Arab Caliphs who established themselves at Bagdad. This admission no doubt would damage his favourite argument, that the drying up of the Euphrates must mean the fall of the Turkish empire, because Bagdad on the Euphrates was the starting-point of the Turkish power; but when there are so many arguments ready to his hand which no one can refute, why insist on this? Could not he say that the first syllable of Togarmah stands for Turk, and the last for Mahomet; or that, if the Turks had nothing to do with the Euphrates, the principle is the same, as the Arabs had much to do with the Tigris?

Perhaps the most curious illustration which the present book affords of its author's marvellous gifts either of ignorance or impudence is to be found in his reply to the Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics, he says, charge the Protestants with want of unity of opinion. They say, You all contradict each other, whereas we all agree. To this Dr. Cumming actually replies that Protestants differ only in discipline, and not in doctrine. Even in religious controversy, no more monstrous assertion than the following has ever been made:—"I answer, we are divided into various sections, but our difference is only about discipline, not about doctrine; we hold all essential doctrines. We do differ in discipline, but has not the Church of Rome also differences in discipline?" This is worse than his old bad Latin. It is not half so bad to be unable to parse, scan, or construe correctly as to make a statement so outrageously at variance with fact that it is inconceivable how any human creature can believe it. Are not Unitarians Protestants, and do they agree with the Church of England or of Scotland as to the Trinity or the Atonement? Do Lutherans and Zwinglians agree about the Sacrament? Does the Church of England agree with the Westminster Confession in supposing that almost all men are predestined to be eternally damned, being "ordained to dishonour and wrath for their sins, to the praise of God's glorious justice?" Do any two Protestant bodies agree in their doctrine as to the nature of the Bible? Especially, does the Church of England agree with the Church of Scotland? and are differences on the Trinity, the Atonement, the Sacraments, Predestination, and the Inspiration of Scripture, differences of discipline merely? If so, what are differences of doctrine?

It is lost time to go on exposing Dr. Cumming. His books have, we believe, an enormous sale. They are probably read by a class of readers with whom our censure has very little weight, and their author may always find a place in prophecy for his reviewers amongst the scoffers who are to come in the last days. It is a satisfaction to be a sign of the times in our humble way, and to wriggle about in the same ditch with Sir George Bowyer, Mr. Hennessy, and Bishop Colenso. There is, however, one reflection which might perhaps be addressed to Dr. Cumming with advantage, if he were in the least degree capable of understanding it. It is that he is doing more than a whole army of scoffers could do to bring into discredit the book on which he lives. If he really succeeded in persuading people that the Book of Revelation foretells that the world will be all knocked to pieces in three years, and that during those three years the whole order of Providence will be replaced by a set of arbitrary fantastic tricks utterly devoid of any moral significance, and totally unlike the previous history of mankind—tricks like the destruction of Russia for fighting the Jews, and the miraculous end of the poor old Pope—the inference would be, not that the predictions were true, but that the book was false, and was written by some one who had only the rudest and most barbarous notion of the Divine character. The Church of England, with characteristic good sense, has had the wisdom to leave undisturbed the mystery in which the Book of Revelation is shrouded. Hardly any of it is read in church, and those parts which are read are not the ones on which Dr. Cumming delights to expatiate. Various very unpleasant questions are left on one side by this praiseworthy caution. It is one thing to say that the Book of Revelation forms part of the canonical Scriptures, and is therefore entitled to share in the reverence paid to them as a whole, and it is another thing to put it forward as the prominent bulwark of the Christian faith. The Christian religion may carry the Book of Revelation, but it is altogether a different proposition that the Book of Revelation can carry the Christian religion. If an indiscreet caterer for the public appetite for marvels—a sort of Sunday Zadkiel—will insist on investing the whole subject with needless prominence, he will end by forcing upon public attention the fact that the chief difficulty about explaining the Apocalypse arises from the assumption that all its prophecies must be true. Once admit that they may be wrong, and the difficulty is at an end. The book then becomes a prophecy of the approaching destruction of the Roman Empire, and the second advent of Christ, falsified by the event. Considering the undoubted fact that the early Christians, and even some of the apostles, had such expectations, and the further fact that the authorship of the Apocalypse is altogether uncertain, and that for a length of time its canonical authority was considered highly doubtful, it is just as well not to press people too hard with it. There are predictions to which the public at large would reply by saying, not that they never were made, but that whoever made them talked great nonsense.

The really melancholy part of Dr. Cumming's popularity is the proof which it affords of the miserably low notions of the Divine character entertained by his many readers. The fact of his

popularity appears to show that there are a number of people who have no other notion of God or Divine Providence than that which is put into their heads by such blind guides as he. To a person who knows ever so little of history, or who even opens his eyes and looks round on the world in which he lives, all this melancholy rubbish about Togarmah and Tarshish is simply intolerable. To such a person, if he believes in God and Providence at all, it needs no proof that all nations and all creeds have an important part to play in that vast whole which forms the providential scheme for the government of mankind. The Roman Catholic as well as the Protestant faith has its special merits and defects; the Russian could as ill be spared from the world as the Englishman or the Frenchman. Each has his own character and his own task; each may help and each may learn from the rest. We may hope and believe that in time each will do so, and that by slow and gradual steps the state of the world will be considerably improved. The miraculous and arbitrary devastations which Dr. Cumming anticipates, on the strength of a few obscure texts, are as inconsistent with the Divine character, as revealed in the past history of the world, as the miraculous millennium which in three years' time is miraculously to wipe up the miraculous mess which the interval will have been passed in producing.

#### FATHER MATHEW.\*

A MAN must have singularly small faith in the virtues of his own community who cannot afford very generous appreciation to those of people who belong to another. The Protestant, for instance, must have remarkably good reasons for disbelieving in the Christianity of his Protestantism who grudges the fair fame of Father Mathew for no better reason than that he was a priest of the Roman Church. Or rather, perhaps, we ought to say that Father Mathew belonged exclusively to no particular Church. Heart and soul, indeed, he was Roman. The silly twaddle of a few Romanists who doubted his soundness because he was not sectarian may pair off with the noisy shibboleths of Exeter Hall. Heart and soul, we repeat, he was Roman; but in something beyond heart and soul—something verily spiritual—he was a good deal more. In his real self he belonged to no "body of Christians," whatever that popular and poor phrase may mean. He belonged to the Body of Christ on earth, which perhaps is something about which the Vatican and the Conventicle alike have a good deal to learn.

Of the book before us we have little to say beyond that it is reverently and affectionately written, and in the main is well done. It has its faults. There is a little too much that reminds us that the writer was, or is, editor of the *Cork Examiner*. There are a few traces of Hibernian English here and there, and far too many "testimonials to character," as if Father Mathew were a sort of "Morison's Pills," and needed puffing. He wants nothing of the sort. Within a few months hence his statue will be erected in the city he loved so faithfully. It is a happy coincidence that the biographer is, for a fourth time in succession, elected Mayor of the city; and we trust nothing will be added to the inscription that stands at its base in the frontispiece of the volume:—

#### FATHER MATHEW.

If any addition can be desired, it is the entire sobriety of the Corkonians on the occasion. Then, indeed, in very living letters, will be added the unspoken epitaph:—

*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.*

But this is perhaps more than can be reasonably expected. Anyhow, the good Father did a great work in his day, and his memory is one which neither England nor Ireland will readily allow to pass away.

Theobald Mathew was born of good family (originally of Welsh extraction), at Thomastown House, in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1790. He was his mother's favourite, a boy of singularly sweet and engaging disposition, and the stories of his childhood are entirely characteristic of the future man:—

He never joined in any cruel sport, or willingly inflicted pain on any living thing. He was never known to have uttered, not to say an improper word, or word of dubious meaning, but even a light word; and a harsh or unkind expression was never known to have crossed his lips.

By a sort of natural right, his elder brothers allowed him a tacit authority over them. Withal he was genial and cheery, unselfish and courageous, and thus escaped the usual fate of precociously "good" boys. An involuntary expression of his mother's, one day—"Is it not unfortunate! I have nine sons, and not one of them to be a priest!"—determined his career for life. But, however clearly marked in his nature his "vocation" might appear, the love for feast-giving which never left him (almost his last act was to give a dinner to the companions of the young man who attended on him in his sickness) very nearly spoilt his chances in the priestly direction. The venturing to give a *commensatio*—Anglice, we suppose, wine-party—caused his somewhat precipitate retreat from Maynooth in 1808. Then he joined the Capuchin Minorites, mainly because—all the regulars being at the time slighted, "even by the prelates and priests of their own religion"—the Capuchins were the humblest and most neglected of all, and he was ordained in 1814. His youth, his graceful beauty, and an

\* *Father Mathew; a Biography.* By John Francis Maguire, M.P., Author of "Rome: its Ruler and its Institutions." London: Longman & Co. 1863.

almost indescribable sweetness of expression, his large charity, his laborious life, and an earnest sincerity that in spite of a thin—almost shrieking—voice rendered him an impressive preacher, very soon made “the Friary” the popular church of Kilkenny. In truth, he seems to have become a little too popular for some of his brethren. On an unfounded charge of having, “contrary to the regulations of the diocese, administered Paschal Communion,” Bishop Marum peremptorily closed his mission in Kilkenny. Cork was henceforth the scene of his labours, and he became coadjutor to Father Donovan at “the Little Friary.” The church was just forty-three feet square, and the convent consisted of two rooms and a kind of closet, formed of what was afterwards the organ-loft of the little chapel. One of these was the property of Father Donovan, and the other was to become the home of Father Mathew. It had a bedstead, and even a bed, but sheets and blankets had to be borrowed, and an amusing device provided the coadjutor with his first dinner. Father Donovan was a “character” of the raciest type. Father Mathew was loyal and loving to his rough superior, and notwithstanding the picture that Mr. Maguire gives of the nature of his labours, we imagine his early years at Cork were among the happiest of his life. Those labours were certainly uninviting enough. He was in the confessional at five in the morning, not leaving it on Saturdays and vigils (except to say mass and the like) until ten or eleven at night, among a crowd of

Dealers in salt-fish, workmen in chandleries, those engaged in killing meat for market or curing it for exportation, makers of puddings and sausages, and, omitting many others, the lamplighters of the city, poor fellows whose clothes literally reeked with fish-oil in every stage of decomposition; excellent and edifying Christians, no doubt, but about the most unsavoury of human beings.

As one stray word had made him a priest, another (spoken this time by a Quaker) made him the Apostle of Temperance. “O Theobald Mathew, if thou wouldst but take the cause in hand!” said William Martin. The daily and nightly sights and sounds of the streets of Cork enforced the appeal, and thenceforward Father Mathew bade adieu to peace and quietness for the rest of his days. We can only refer to the volume itself for the details of his work, which was simply enormous. His letters alone, on every conceivable subject, from the regeneration of Ireland and the expediency of his own conversion to Protestantism down to requests of recreant tee-totalers to be allowed to give back the medal and resume the whisky, would have occupied two or three secretaries at any time. He had no privacy—not always even when asleep, as an amusing story shows; he administered the pledge to more than two million converts from punch and whisky; and his journeys were unceasing. Those who saw and admired him while moving in the highest circles of London life little suspected that, before the ten or eleven o’clock breakfast, he had spent hours at mass or with the poor, and that after the day’s meeting and pledge-giving, and the dinner at some noble host’s or other, there were yet hours of work before him at his modest “Temperance Hotel” in some very unfashionable quarter.

He had many circumstances to favour his success. The evil was patent everywhere. The Catholic clergy seconded him, on the whole, heartily, though one cannot help suspecting with just half an eye to what might be made out of the movement for “the Church,” and by no means with so general an acceptance of the pledge, personally, as the Father probably would have wished. The Protestant clergy were always kind and courteous, and it is alike creditable to them and to him that the “Popish Priest” never met with an uncivil word from a theological opponent. O’Connell also patronized him; only, above all things, Father Mathew desired to keep his movements free from all suspicion of politics, and this was exactly what O’Connell did not want. When O’Connell came down to Cork, as Lord Mayor of Dublin, to give importance to a Temperance Festival, the good Father was evidently ill at ease until he had got fairly rid of his lordship; and we fancy that his entire singleness of motive and almost fastidious delicacy of mind and mien made him—notwithstanding a full share of the national admiration of the Liberator—shrink just a little from the proprietor of “the Rent.” Father Mathew could, less than almost any one on earth, sympathize with an agitation that *paid*. The same feeling made him half-tired, half-ashamed of his American experiences. He met, of course, with ardent friends there, but there was an amount of exhibiting, of sensitiveness out of place, of endeavours to draw him into the small squabbles of the natives, and an air of “Barnum” about the whole thing, that evidently repelled him. He was a thorough gentleman, and not at all the kind of person to be made a show of. He was at home in a London drawing-room, and at home among his Irish poor; but he was not at all at home in America, except when he caught a well-remembered Biddy or Paddy among the crowd, and (with a recollection of names, faces, and histories almost regal) had something to say of the old home to half the Irish that he met. They were not so plentiful then as recent events have made them.

We must say a word about a matter which cast a sad shadow over the latter half of Father Mathew’s life. He was always doing good, and always to his personal cost. Somebody said of him, very early in his life, “If Cork was paved with gold, and Father Mathew had the management of the streets, there would not be a paving-stone left by the end of the year”; and so it was throughout. While he had money, and as long as he could raise money, he seems to have had literally no power to keep it in his hands. He gave away Temperance medals

by the hundred or thousand, helped each convert that seemed to need it—and we may be sure their general appearance was of this sort—and seldom preached for a chapel or a charity of any kind without being the chief contributor. Unfortunately, he had absolutely no prudence; or rather, with an entire command over himself in every other respect, he had no power of self-denial in this. It amounted to a disease—a rare one—one considerably better worth having than the robust health that most people enjoy in this particular. Still, “be just before you are generous” is a true rule; and though perhaps it is most frequently in the mouths of those who need it least, there are those who do need it, and unluckily they are the last to whom it occurs when it is wanted. Some severe discipline the good Father underwent in the matter—once, when he was arrested for a debt due to a Birmingham medal-maker; again, when a “national” meeting to relieve him from his difficulties began with the Rotunda, the Lord Mayor, speeches of the highest enthusiasm, &c., and ended in a gross total of 2,118*l.*, diminished by “expenses” and the other apparatus of professional meeting-mongering to 1,150*l.* A sorer scourge still was applied when the scandal-dealers of his generation whispered pretty loudly that he must have made a good thing by the sale of his medals—when they counted up his converts, and turned the success that had been in no small degree won by his liberality into a proof of his avarice. One is almost let into a new chapter of human psychology by some passages in this Life. It is true, though very few people think it possible, that stingy and selfish persons are by no means the negative characters that they seem to be. They have the deadness of the torpedo, as everybody knows who tries to get anything out of them; but they have its sting also, and can be active enough when the chance is offered. One expects to find a miser a dull sort of person, whose main wisdom consists in a ready and universal “no.” Not a bit of it; this is only half the fellow. He not only perseveringly says “no,” but he vigorously and venomously hates “yes;” and when “yes” gets into trouble, he does not stand by with the calm nonchalance of a wise man who is surveying the—perhaps not unpleasant—sight of somebody else making a fool of himself and coming to grief. His opposition has been passive, so long as it could be nothing else; but when once it has the opportunity of action, the selfish lickspittle develops into the dirty scandal-monger in five minutes. The fault of the poor Father is briefly summed up. He spent for several years 500*l.* a-year in printing, about as much in the medals he gave away, possibly an equal sum in travelling and charities; he trusted to his relation, Lady E. Mathew, fulfilling her intentions; but unluckily she died suddenly, and it came to nothing. The pension allowed him by the Government enabled him to pay his creditors by an insurance on his life; but the deep shadow rested on it all the same.

His other difficulties were inconsiderable compared to this. The greatest was perhaps his servant John, of whom we have the liveliest account. He was a wizened, unwholesome little “familiar,” who hated children, hated poor people, and loved whisky. His love for Father Mathew was his one redeeming characteristic. “If you will go on in this way, John, I must really leave the house,” generally recalled the tyrant to his senses. Requesting the servant to leave the house evidently never occurred to the master as an available alternative. Then, again, the prophet did not meet entirely with the “honour among his own people” that he hoped for. It must have been a sore moment when, after praising Brother John’s healthy appearance as a living testimonial to temperance, an accidental visit to the dining-room after he had retired to rest disclosed John busy with the “materials,” and sadly disconcerted at the apparition. The story is too long to be repeated here in full, and much too good to be curtailed.

And here we must end. As an amusing book, we venture to recommend it to our readers as one of the very richest we have ever read. No doubt it is enthusiastic; we should be rather ashamed of any one who could write on such a subject without being, or at all events becoming, so. But it is far more than either an amusing or an enthusiastic book—it is the record of a life of singular beauty. The work itself survives to a far greater extent than people are aware until they have compared the quantities of ardent spirits consumed in 1839 and in 1862, after every allowance for the decrease of population. And, even had no trace of his work remained, the life is, here as always, more and better than the work. It is enough to say of Father Mathew that he began life with a belief that “there is a key to every man’s heart, if you can only find it,” and that he found the key to more people’s hearts than any one else has done, perhaps for ages.

WHITWORTH & ARMSTRONG.\*

THE time has scarcely yet arrived when the history of the great artillery controversy of the last five years can be written with judicial impartiality. Looking back over the brief period which has elapsed since the Crimean campaign, we see enormous strides made both in the science of gunnery and the art of defence; and it is not wonderful that, in the midst of changes so rapid and startling, we should also detect some mistakes in the course which the Government has taken, or that complaints should be heard from this or that inventor that his plans have not received all the attention which they deserved.

\* *The Story of the Guns.* By Sir J. Emerson Tennent. London: Longman & Co. 1864.



In bringing within the compass of a readable volume the main features of modern artillery progress, Sir Emerson Tennent has done a great service to the many persons who are interested in the inquiry without having facilities for searching out the facts for themselves from the Reports and Blue-books in which most of them are buried. The *Story of the Guns* tells the tale both of rifle and artillery improvements with abundant spirit and particularity; and though we are not disposed to accept all the author's inferences as the right conclusions to be drawn from his narrative, the book may be regarded as an effective statement of one side, at any rate, of the long-pending controversy. It is not easy for any one to take up a subject of this kind without becoming more or less of a partisan, and being somewhat biased by the sources from which his information has been derived, and the errors which it is easy to discover in the official conduct of the business. There is much in this book to suggest the belief that the author has been largely indebted to Mr. Whitworth and his friends for the information which it contains. Of Sir W. Armstrong's views he appears to know as much as has been made public in official documents, while he is able to trace the growth of every idea which presented itself to Mr. Whitworth's mind, with a fullness and precision as great as the inventor himself could have supplied. Whether this arises from greater sympathy with the Whitworth cause or from more immediate inspiration, the internal evidence of the book itself scarcely enables one to say; but both in what is narrated and in what is omitted, there is enough to justify us in warning the reader that he must follow Sir Emerson Tennent in his story rather than the able advocate of an inventor who has been placed under considerable disadvantages than as a high military authority pronouncing judiciously on a question of paramount importance to the safety of the country. Still, whatever may be their views as to the relative merits of the different kinds of cannon which have competed for Government patronage, all must agree with Sir Emerson Tennent in indorsing the recommendation of the Ordnance Committee of 1863, that the different systems not only of Sir W. Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth, but of the other able men whose minds are now engaged on ordnance questions, should be fairly experimented upon. It is a striking illustration of the versatility of Mr. Whitworth's mechanical genius, that it is only of late years that he has given his attention to the construction of ordnance, and that until he commenced, at the suggestion of Lord Hardinge, the experiments which led him to the design of the most marvellous rifle in the world, gunmaking was a subject which he had never touched. It is well known that the Whitworth cannon is a mere development of the Whitworth rifle; and as there has been much discussion as to the principle of rifling adopted by him both for small arms and great guns, it is not uninteresting to note how Mr. Whitworth came to be convinced of the superiority of his polygonal system.

Convenience of manufacture was its first recommendation in his eyes, and it does not appear that he had any scientific reasons for adopting what, *a priori*, might have been pronounced one of the very worst modes of rifling a barrel. The whole object of rifling is to impart rotation to the ball, and it is obvious that, to produce the greatest effect with the smallest possible strain upon the barrel, the pressure which gives the spin ought to act, as nearly as may be, tangentially to the bullet. This idea long since produced the ratchet groove, in which the bearing surface of the barrel is exactly at right angles to the surface of the ball. In Mr. Lancaster's and Mr. Whitworth's systems, the bearing surface is such that the direction of the pressure is almost through the axis of the barrel, so that a very small proportion of it only is effective in twisting the bullet. In other words, while you get from the motion of the bullet force enough to make it rotate, you have an outward strain upon the barrel probably five or six times as great. These were theoretical views which Mr. Whitworth disregarded in the construction of rifles, and his success has shown that, by making his barrels of mild steel (or, as he rather oddly calls it, homogeneous iron), it is possible to obviate all risk of injury to the barrel, while retaining the facilities for exact manufacture which a polygonal bore affords in a higher degree than any other form of rifling. He was encouraged in this view by the good practice made by the polygonal rifles which Mr. Westley Richards had built on the suggestion of Mr. Brunel, and after having ascertained by careful experiments the best form of bullet and the right amount of twist to be given to it, the Whitworth rifle was turned out substantially in the same form which it still retains. From the first it is probable that this was really superior in its performances to any other weapon; but the rifles of Turner, Edge, Kerr, Henry, and other makers (which, though borrowing the Whitworth bore and twist, were rifled on various principles), came so close upon the heels of the Whitworth as to render it probable that the superiority of the latter was due almost exclusively to greater exactness in workmanship and superiority of material, and that the polygonal rifling had very little else to do with its success. A later device, however, gave a decided advantage to the polygonal system. By hardening his bullets with alloy, and fitting them mechanically to the form of the barrel Mr. Whitworth greatly increased the precision of his rifle, and almost all the crack shots—many of whom had preferred Henry and other rifles—now came back to their allegiance and shot with the Whitworth alone. The two advantages of polygonal rifling may therefore be said to be, that it admits of very exact workmanship, and is peculiarly adapted to mechanically-fitted bullets. The disadvantage is, that it exposes the barrel to a severer strain than

the groove or ratchet systems—a defect which becomes much more important when the principle is applied to heavy ordnance.

The next step in the narrative is the appointment of the Committee on Rifled Cannon in 1858. The result of their trials was to show that the Armstrong and Whitworth guns were very superior to any others produced before them, and further experiments led the Committee to report in favour of the immediate adoption of the Armstrong field-pieces. Sir Emerson Tennent adopts Mr. Whitworth's complaint, that this was a precipitate decision, inasmuch as more time would have enabled him to perfect his gun; but there seems no reason to doubt that, with respect to the light guns then tried, the ammunition used and the accessories in general, the Armstrong gun was entitled on that occasion to the verdict given in its favour. From that moment, however, the opportunity for an investigation on equal terms of the merits of rival systems was gone. Sir W. Armstrong was immediately installed in office under the singular arrangements which have now come to an end, and with the command of Government resources he was enabled to turn out several thousand guns of various calibres, and to acquire an amount of experience in perfecting their details which no private artilleryist could possibly obtain. Sir Emerson Tennent has much reason on his side when he dwells on the immense advantage which Sir W. Armstrong derived from the official recognition of his guns; but he scarcely gives due weight to the extreme urgency of the case when he says that the decision ought to have been postponed until the absolutely perfect weapon had been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt. He seems to forget that at that time (1858) the Emperor Napoleon was already startling the world by the performance of his rifled service-guns, and it was clear that the English Government could not afford to lag far behind their energetic neighbour. So far as the field-guns are concerned, the Committee of 1863 have not impugned the wisdom of General Peel's decision, and as the result has been to give us the best field artillery in the world, there is no great reason to regret the rapidity with which the Armstrong pattern was worked up.

With the introduction of iron armour, however, a new phase of the inquiry presented itself. The preliminary trials had been confined to very small pieces, and when heavy guns were required, a searching investigation, open to all the world, was the only rational course. The navy, however, were impatient for heavy rifled guns, and after an Armstrong 40-pounder had been carefully tested and approved, a large number of 110-pounders were instantly commenced, without any competitive trials against rival systems, or even any official approval of the pattern adopted. The consequence was what might have been expected. The 110-pounder, though a very powerful weapon, is a failure for the purposes for which it was most wanted. It is now almost unanimously condemned as a broadside gun, and after repeated attempts to remedy its great defect, the weakness of the vent-piece, Sir W. Armstrong is understood to have come to the conclusion that breech-loading is not applicable to heavy ordnance, and has lately been turning his attention to an entirely distinct class of guns, loaded from the muzzle on what he terms the shunt system. Very considerable success has attended these experiments, but the shunt guns are not yet introduced into the service, and it is not finally ascertained that they can be adapted to shell as well as to shot. While Sir W. Armstrong was thus experimenting on a grand scale at Woolwich and Elswick, Mr. Whitworth was working an entirely different system, which he believed to be more likely to produce serviceable weapons of large calibre; and he complains, with some show of justice, that no trials on equal terms have been made to determine whether our heavy ordnance should be built on Sir W. Armstrong's system or his own.

The leading distinctions between the two methods may be summed up in a few words. It is agreed on all hands that the real problem is to construct a gun which shall be proof against the strain of the heaviest charges. This difficulty overcome, all the details of rifling and the rest may be easily arranged. It is now placed beyond a doubt that it is hopeless to cast guns of iron beyond a certain size. Mr. Whitworth proposes to escape the difficulty by using mild steel as the material for his cannon, and there is no doubt that, if it can be obtained at any reasonable cost, and in homogeneous masses of sufficient size, it is the toughest and best material that can be used. In view, however, of the difficulty and expense of this process, Sir W. Armstrong has aimed at getting the requisite strength by building up his guns in welded coils like the barrel of a fowling-piece. For the larger pieces, additional strength is obtained by Mr. Whitworth by forcing on, by hydraulic pressure, steel hoops which bind the inner tube of the gun with a tension proportioned to the stretching which they undergo in the process of fitting. Sir W. Armstrong attains the same object by shrinking on successive coils at a considerable heat, much in the same way as the tires of ordinary wheels are made to grip. This latter method is less expensive than the use of steel, but no sufficient experiments have been tried to determine by which plan the greater strength is obtained, and it is mainly to this point that future inquiries ought to be directed.

Besides the grand controversy as to the material and construction of the gun itself, Mr. Whitworth and Sir W. Armstrong are at issue on many minor points. Mr. Whitworth insists that a flat-headed punching shot is much more effective against iron plates than any other missile, and some of the trials with his 80-pounder gave great encouragement to this belief. On the other hand, it

may turn out that all the superiority manifested in the famous experiment against the *Trusty* may have been due to the material of which the bolts were formed. No one doubts that a wrought-iron shot is much more destructive than one of cast-iron, or that a steel projectile is more formidable than either, and no artilleryman would dream of using any other metal than steel against iron-plates, unless deterred by the frightful cost of a supply of such expensive cannon-balls. The question of the best form of projectile may therefore still be considered open, except perhaps that the flat-head may be credited with superior penetrating powers when it strikes a target at a considerable inclination to the direction of impact.

A third point of difference would have been fatal to the pretensions of the Armstrong gun if the difficulty had not been got over (as is now hoped and believed) by the invention of the shunt-gun. It was thought that Sir W. Armstrong's lead-coated projectiles could not be used except in a breech-loading cannon; and as breech-loading may now be regarded as condemned for all but the lightest guns, the claims of the Armstrong rest wholly upon the success which has been or may be attained with the shunt-guns. So far as a few trials can prove anything, their triumph with solid shot has been complete, and at the same time the capability of building up a gun strong enough to propel a shot of 600 lbs. weight with a charge of 70 lbs. of powder has been demonstrated. More experience, however, with shot, and especially with shell, is required before the fitness of the Armstrong system for the heaviest ordnance can be considered as established.

On the other hand, the powers of steel guns rifled on the polygonal system have been very imperfectly tested. Whether the strain caused by the peculiar form of rifling and the friction between two surfaces of hard metal will tend to destroy or wear the heavy Whitworth guns before their time, is still a matter of controversy; but it is certain that, for a moderate number of rounds, astonishing practice has been made both with shot and shell without apparent injury to the gun. In all probability the long promised competition will show but slight differences of efficiency between any guns from which similar projectiles are propelled by equal charges of powder. The endurance of the metal is the essential point to be determined; and for this it is obvious that the most searching and prolonged series of experiments can alone be of any service.

Why the competition has not yet come off is a mystery which Sir Emerson Tennent does not explain. For years it is true that Mr. Whitworth objected to the constitution of the Committee of reference, and, considering the great advantage which Sir W. Armstrong's position gave him, a little (even if it were excessive) jealousy was pardonable enough. But it is now more than a year since the conditions of the trial were finally agreed upon, and it would have been more satisfactory if Sir Emerson Tennent had been able to state whether Mr. Whitworth is ready with his guns, and when the experiments are likely to commence. The book is so entirely confined to the two systems of Sir W. Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth as almost to put out of sight the possible claims of other inventors; but the public will never be satisfied that justice is done and the best possible ordnance secured for the country, unless the field is thrown open to all competitors on terms which ought to be indulgent and generous towards those who are weighted in the race by the official adoption of what may or may not prove to be the victorious weapon.

#### HAZEL COMBE.\*

CONSIDERING the number of commonplace people that there are in the world, we ought the less, perhaps, to wonder that there should be so many commonplace books. It is as difficult, intrinsically, to conceive of what possible use or service to mankind can be swarms of people who meet us every day in the week, as to imagine what earthly reason, final cause, or motive principle of any kind can be assigned for the existence of half the books that teem from the inexhaustible press. Such a reflection however, like the celebrated argument from analogy, does but shift the difficulty without removing it. It, in point of fact, only tends to complicate the question by saddling it with an additional and more general problem. We have nothing for it but to accept, with the Positive philosophers, the existence of men and books, without reference to abstract theories of causation. Without puzzling ourselves with the reasons which primarily brought them into being, we must content ourselves with regarding them as actual facts, to be observed and analysed in the light of existing phenomena.

*Hazel Combe*; or, *the Golden Rule* is a novel of that class the publication of which it is certainly difficult to account for upon any philosophical principle of literary cause and effect. It has no particular theory to uphold, it attacks no specified set of people, nor contravenes any fixed opinions or institutions. It is marked by no special analysis of character, and it can hardly be said to stir any but the most tame and languid degree of sensation. Neither the personages nor the incidents have enough in them to justify their being made the subject of a chronicle of three volumes' duration. If, indeed, it could be regarded as a tale of veracious family history, there might be something in the evolution of the narrative to interest those who prefer fact to fiction, and who are but too happy to find fact by far the stranger of the two. But persons of that

prosaic and utilitarian class have obviously nothing to do with novels. And there can be no greater mistake on the part of a novelist than the attempt to secure the patronage of that chilling class of readers by a hollow compromise between fact and imagination—by palming off, that is, as a creation of art, a quantity of matter only fit for the annalistic pages of Debreton or Burke. Such a mistake has been committed by the author of *Hazel Combe*. Instead of a work of imagination, we are treated to what is far more like a series of cuttings from family archives. Only the dull pages before us lack the poor recommendation of being historical. There is in them about as much of the materials of romance as there probably is in the history of any given family of a few generations standing, if not in the life of every individual, were there but the genius to discern and to delineate it. But, unfortunately, that power of discernment and delineation is the thing most conspicuously absent in the instance before us. For constructive skill we are to be put off with mere methodical sequence, and for intensity of plot or passion must content ourselves with simple extension of canvas. The writer's material may not be such as to go very far in point either of depth or breadth; but, like the hide which Dido turned to so good account, it may be made to compass an immensity of superficial area. It is not often, we must allow, that we get a novel comprising, like *Hazel Combe*, a history of more than fourscore years. And this is, in truth, the most remarkable circumstance connected with the book. It would not of course be easy, upon the usual scale of spinning out a consecutive chronicle, to maintain the unities of time and place intact for so uncommon a period. It is, therefore, by a series of episodes, or intermittent jumps of ten years or so at a time, that we are carried over four distinct generations of denizens of the manor of Hazel Combe—a fifth, in fact, looming upon us as the last page closes upon the felicity of the heiress as a wife and mother. The narrative is rolled off like so much ribbon of a certain pattern from a reel. And there is no apparent reason, apart from the regulation which fortunately assigns a limit to volumes and pages, why we should not be treated to any additional number of lengths—the several marriages which mark the present winding up of the tale opening an easy opportunity for carrying it on over even a sixth or seventh generation. The only other impediment worth mentioning lies in the fact that the date of commencement is fixed, arbitrarily enough, at the year 1780, so that hardly a year is left for the interpolation of any further modicum of the same stuff. Sufficient scope, however, might assuredly have been found between the birth of Sir Matthew Fendall, at that distant period of the last century, and the accession of his granddaughter to the property on the old man's death, as it might be yesterday, to bring out whatever of romantic or historical interest might attach to the family annals of the Fendalls. So that, when, at the end of the third volume, we are surprised that there is so little, the only inference is that the author has no more to give us. There is just enough of mild imaginative power to dress up a certain quantity of still life in a readable form, without the reality which belongs to the creations of true fancy, or the depth which genius loves to show underlying even the most familiar types of human life. In the Fendall family the author can hardly have intended to portray from first to last an empty, unmeaning set of people. On the contrary, it is possible that what little they really do or say or suffer may have struck the writer as momentous enough to be recorded, and thrilling enough to excite a sensation. If so, we can only say that books of this pale and watery composition are less fitted to the requirements of our age and sphere than to the taste of those remote planetary abodes which are said to admit but the most modified amount of illumination, and to be capable but of the most feeble and secondary kind of excitement.

The first Sir Matthew Fendall and his spouse are remarkable for nothing but a devotion to hunting. The baronet's death in the field inspiring his relict with a reactionary horror of her favourite sport as regards their infant son, the second Sir Matthew is carefully brought up so as to be remarkable for not even so much as an addiction to the chase. For eighty years and upwards he seems literally to have nothing to do beyond stamping his image on two do-nothing sons, both of whom he ultimately survives. Another personage with not much more upon his hands for a similar period is the rector, Mr. Santland, a single and in many respects a singular man, a "first-rate scholar and poet," but with leanings of an unorthodox kind, and specially actuated by a morbid curiosity which prompts him to hang about whenever there is a death in the family:—

For the sceptical and ever reasoning man longed, with even a feverish desire, for some communication with a spirit which had so long been hovering on the confines of that mysterious world of whose strange secrets even the wisest amongst us are as ignorant as the infant into whose nostrils the first faint breath of life has just been breathed.

He is the "guardian" of a mysterious child, Bessie, who turns out just before she dies, thirty years later, to be his daughter by an early intrigue with a friend's wife—not an inkling of the scandal, however, having all this time been suffered to break upon the public or upon the gossips of Hillingstone or Hazel Combe. After an interval of ten years, Johnnie Fendall, the younger of the two sons—a sickly youth, a cold and sardonic man, with no heart but for Parliamentary life—espouses Bessie out of dutiful regard to his grandmother's dying wish. He is speedily killed off—by mistake for his brother, Colonel Matthew Fendall—by a maniac whose daughter the latter had seduced. "Myles," the fruit of this amour, is brought up by the baronet at Hazel Combe,

\* *Hazel Combe*; or, *the Golden Rule*. By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1863.



together with Johnnie's daughter Rosamund, and afterwards with Frederica, whom the Colonel, now a widower, has sent home as the sole issue of a marriage contracted in India. In another turn or two of the writer's favourite ten-year glass, a new set of intrigues becomes necessary for the disposal of this fourth generation. Some of these devices are certainly ingenious, yet of that gratuitous kind of ingenuity which consists in tying knots for the mere pleasure of untwisting them again. Rosamund is to be duly in the end the heiress of Hazel Combe, but not till she has been cut out for a time by a bold ruse of Frederica. The infirm, unbusinesslike old baronet, who has kept his will in a drawer of his study, together with the unsigned draft of another testament, desires Frederica—who, as the eldest son's representative, counts on the inheritance for herself—to take out and inspect the two documents, and, after thus acquainting her that she and Myles are to have but 15,000*l.* of the personality apiece, bids her put the informal and useless instrument into the fire. The young lady, ambitious and scheming—having been trained, we are told, in a somewhat "Bohemian" school of life—is not proof against the temptation to drop in the genuine will, thus constituting herself the sole heiress-at-law of the estates of Hazel Combe. Frightened at Myles's wrath on being told her "mistake," "Rica" is further punished by hearing that she is, after all, a supposititious child, Colonel Matthew Fendall's real daughter having died on the voyage home from India. It is now too late to get the old man to make a new will, and his death gives "Rica" temporary possession till the secret of her birth oozes out. She is the sister of Percy Elliot, a mysterious youth who has won the affections of Rosamund, but who is under the stigma of cowardice in a naval action, the effect of a peculiar physical infirmity upon a highly organized nervous system. Love for Rosamund impelling him to redeem his reputation, he enlists for India, gains distinction and the Victoria cross as "Sergeant Denham Heathcote," and returns to clasp his bride with the one arm that the fortune of war has left him, and to expose the fraud which has deprived her of Hazel Combe. Restitution, of course, follows; another odd thing being that the wrongful heiress should walk out and the rightful one walk in without causing the slightest marvel or excitement, it being arranged that "the said will should be supposed by an inquiring public to have 'turned up' somewhere—no one need question how or where—and thus Rosamund would be enabled to recover, without annoyance or mortification to others, the possession of her ancestors."

This complicated *dénouement* leaves still unexplained that "golden rule" which the story seems to have been intended to exemplify. If no more is contemplated than the trite and familiar maxim of *sum cuique*, it is hardly worth while to drag us through such thickets of difficulty in order to bring us out to so perfectly plain and level a spectacle of dramatic restitution. Nor is even this poor and insignificant moral worked out by any force of character on the part of the personages concerned, since nothing can well be tamer and more commonplace than these are, one and all. Never was there a plot that so simply drifted to a conclusion by the mere tidal flow of circumstances. There is certainly not much of the "golden rule" of discretion about the model young lady who, on receipt of a confession of cowardice on the part of a lover of whom she knows little else, has "decided that not a moment was to be lost in commencing the delightful duty of consolation:"—

She sprang lightly from her bed as the fortunate idea occurred to her that delay in writing her confession of faith was unnecessary, and, thrusting her small feet into their velvet slippers, she, with a large wrapper loosely flung around her, began her reply to Percy Elliot's letter.

The weather was cold, and the room both fireless and sunless; but what did Rosamund care, as she rapidly, and utterly without fear of any possible evil consequences to herself, traced the tender words which were to be as balm poured into the wounds of her lover's heart.

With flushed cheeks, and eager, trembling hands, she wrote that he was loved and trusted—so loved and trusted, that no base, cruel accusations, no false testimony of envious men or women, could ever shake her confidence in his honour and his loyalty. She did not ask to know his secret; she only trusted that he loved her still, and if it were so, well—she would be ever true to him, true as in the hour when she placed her hand in his, and, resting her head upon his breast, swore in her inmost heart that she would be his own for ever.

So wrote the girl of eighteen (nor is she the first by thousands who have done a deed so rash) to the man for whose honour she had no better security than that which lay in her own innate conviction of his worth. If, at the moment when she was inditing those purely innocent and yet half-burning words, any one had ventured to whisper into Rosamund's ear that women have been lost ere now by the very imprudence she was committing, the young girl would not have stayed her hand, nor benefited by the wise counsel given her. She would have laughed at the assertion that there existed men capable of such cowardly treachery, and cursed with a vanity so contemptible that they would turn a woman's love into a weapon against herself. And so, with a heart incapable of estimating the danger she incurred, and with a hand made bold by her lover's self-abasement, she signed herself his only love—his dearest, soul-devoted

ROSAMUND.

There is something here eminently characteristic of the usual feminine mode of coquetting with the common rules of logic as well as of prudence—a touch of nature which bespeaks but too truly the peculiar inspiration of that sex which charms more by its quickness of impulse than by its closeness to reason. If there is not sufficient reality in the extract just given to tear aside the thin disguise which the epicene mask of authorship throws over the features of the writer, it is at all events impossible not to see that in a further passage the secret is involuntarily betrayed, if only by the warmth and vehemence of tone which mark this irrepressible gush of the *esprit de sexe*. Tame and cold enough in general, a warmer glow intensifies the writer's style, when fired by the thought of the wrongs of women, than the novelist need throw

into the mere fact of Colonel Myles's refusal to read aloud a letter from his friend at the club:—

But it was evidently very far from the Colonel's intention to gratify his sister's curiosity. Nor ought we to wonder at his reticence; for the letter in his hand was probably the production of some juvenile club *habitué*—one of those male gossips whose trade it is to spread exaggerated reports of women's imprudences—magnifying folly into guilt, and translating the happy spirits of girlhood into unmaidenly forwardness. It was not unlikely, too, that the names of those silly ones whose inexperience of the world and human nature had opened a door to calumny and suspicion, were written down boldly in that precious epistle. For these are days when reputations are handled roughly by manly fingers; and it therefore behoves women (remembering that the days of chivalry are past) to put on the whole armour of discretion; and, sharpening *bees et ongles* against the cold whetstone of propriety, to make ready for such feeble defence as they are capable of setting up.

We have heard of actors and actresses being so carried away by their parts as to change their melodramatic thrusts into stabs of terrible earnest, and wreak upon their imaginary antagonists all the frenzy of a real revenge. What might be admired as the *abandon* of genius in a Siddons or a Rachel calls for a less complimentary epithet in the case of such self-constituted champions of the ladies' cause as the writer of *Hazel Combe*. Every allowance made for the distinctive peculiarities of female authorship, and all deference paid to the claims of mere politeness in our criticism of feminine labours, we feel bound to protest against the weakness—we can hardly term it, in a case where there is so little to be vain of, the vanity—which could prompt the publication of a book so devoid of purpose, so inconsecutive in plan, so unmeaning in character, and so insipid in style.

#### FROUDE'S REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

(Second Notice.)

THE two volumes now before us contain the history of the first eight years of Elizabeth's reign, from her accession in 1558 to the murder of Darnley in 1567. During this time the affairs of England and Scotland are so closely intermingled as to form almost a single history. The Queen of Scots was, in the eyes of one party, the lawful heir-presumptive to the Crown of England; in the eyes of another, she had a better immediate right than the reigning Queen herself. English and Scotch affairs therefore really influenced one another more during these years than at several periods since the Union of the Crowns. The old national dislike between the two countries almost slumbered. We see glimpses of it ever and anon, enough to show that it had not died out and was ready to burst out again; but for the time it was quite subordinate to the civil discords which divided both kingdoms, and which led a large party in each to look for its chief in the sovereign of the other. The two great subjects which occupy this period—the change in religion and the question of the succession to the Crown—are closely connected with one another and with the foreign politics of the time. The question of the succession of course involved the question of the Queen's marriage, and it thus introduces the whole staff of her suitors, lovers, and favourites, native and foreign. These subjects, strangely intermingled as they are, form the main staple of Mr. Froude's present instalment of his work. As a sort of by-play, we have two Irish chapters—the affairs of Ireland being, as usual, utterly chaotic and quite episodic to the main story, except so far as they get partially entangled with those of Scotland. Another chapter, on the maritime adventure of the period, is also episodic in its beginnings, though, as it gets on, we are introduced to events which had an important effect on the relations between England and Spain. Where the history embraces so many subjects mutually affecting one another, we have to regret, for the sake of clearness, a change of form in Mr. Froude's volumes, which we will not call slight, because nothing that makes a book more or less clear is really slight. In his former volumes, each chapter had an analytic heading, and each page had a summary at the top. Some of these headings and summaries might have been improved in point of taste. Still they were, as such helps always are, useful to the reader, and it is a pity to have left them off in the present volumes, where the additional complication of subjects renders them even more necessary than they were before.

Our readers will have inferred from our former article that we have comparatively little fault to find with Mr. Froude's general treatment of his present subject. When we say that these volumes do not contain very much that is new, we mean the opposite to finding fault. As Mr. Froude gets further away from his great idol, he comes nearer and nearer to the dominion of common sense. Allowing for a few extravagances here and there, he takes much the same general view of Elizabeth and Mary as rational people usually have taken. His Spanish researches enable him to bring out some points with additional clearness, but they confirm rather than modify the notions which sober men had generally formed. We are especially pleased to find Mr. Froude taking a common-sense view of Mary Queen of Scots. He must have been under some temptation to make a heroine of her. To be sure, he may also have been under some temptations of an exactly opposite kind. Anyhow, he contrives to resist both, and to treat her case with substantial fairness, notwithstanding some occasional bits of affectation. And in the two murder stories, those of Rizzio and Darnley, he is quite in his element. They are told in his very best manner, and are perhaps the best things that he has yet written.

Nor have we much to quarrel with in Mr. Froude's portrait

of Elizabeth. That it contains little that is new we count as a merit. Elizabeth appears, according to the old description, sometimes greater than man, sometimes less than woman. She appears as a woman of undoubtedly great powers, capable of, and in the main aiming at, noble objects, but with her great qualities disfigured by vacillation, by parsimony, by the small caprices and vanities of her sex. Mr. Froude does not forget his old spite against Anne Boleyn, and attributes Elizabeth's feminine weaknesses to a dash of her mother's blood. But surely she is in this also the genuine Tudor. Her aunt Margaret, as Sir Walter Scott says, differed from King Harry only in lack of power to behead the husbands of whom she tired as he did the wives. Her other aunt was more lucky, simply because Henry chose to deal generously—when he had no motive to deal otherwise—with his sister and her lover. Even the mature and devout Queen Mary made herself both ridiculous and disagreeable by her extravagant passion for her husband. Surely Elizabeth's coquettish run in the same vein; only a series of circumstances hindered them from taking exactly the same form. She loved Leicester, but a combination of motives hindered her from gratifying her love. Mr. Froude himself calls this portion of her reign a long struggle between passion and duty. Among all the descendants of Henry VII. everything turns on marriages, divorces, and contemplated marriages. Henry VIII. beheaded his wives. His great-niece Mary blew up her husband. Margaret was contented with divorces and irregular weddings. Elizabeth avoided all these unpleasant necessities because she could never make up her mind to marry either the man whom she did love or the man whom she did not love. If we believe, with Mr. Stevenson, that there really was something in earlier times between Elizabeth and Lord Seymour, the case becomes stronger still. Through the whole of these reigns Great Britain was subject to what Mr. Grote calls an "aphrodisiac influence" in a way quite unknown either before or after. If anybody chooses to call it a Yorkist rather than a Tudor tendency, he may be right. All these Kings and Queens were worthy descendants of Edward IV. as well as of Owen Tudor and Katharine of France. Surely Mr. Froude has dragged in poor Anne Boleyn a little needlessly.

Mr. Froude's Simancas despatches are of great use in clearly bringing out the close connexion between England and Spain during the early years of Elizabeth's reign. We are so apt to look on Philip as the deadly enemy of Elizabeth, our heads are so full of the Spanish Armada and its discomfiture, that we hardly realize the fact that, for some time after Elizabeth's accession, Philip was the close ally, we might almost say the protector, of England. His connexion with England by no means ceased with the death of Mary and his consequent loss of the English royal title. He was bound to England by every tie of honour, interest, and filial obedience. Charles V. had bidden him adhere to the English connexion as one of the cardinal principles of his policy, and he was bound in honour to the nation which had lost its one darling Continental possession in a war undertaken for Spanish rather than English purposes. And even without either of these motives, Spain and England were naturally brought together by common enmity to France. Nor did it seem at first absolutely certain that friendship towards Elizabeth involved any failure in Philip's duties as pre-eminently the Catholic King. The strong line between Catholics and Protestants was not yet drawn. It was still possible that a really free and well-disposed General Council might find terms of reconciliation for both Lutherans and Anglicans. Elizabeth had, indeed, cast off the Papal authority, but it had been done in a far less offensive way than under her father, and her schism had been accompanied by none of the cruelties which had ushered in his. The kingdom had by no means declared an internecine war with the Papacy, and the Queen's personal tendencies were supposed to be strongly Catholic. It was Philip's business to stave off any irreconcilable breach as long as he could. His first object was to secure the kingdom, temporally and spiritually, by a marriage with Elizabeth. Even had there been no Robert Dudley, the daughter of Anne Boleyn could hardly have consented to a marriage which would have been tantamount to acknowledging her own bastardy. But her rejection of her brother-in-law's offer brought with it no change in their political friendship. Spain still remained the chosen ally of England; Philip and his Ambassador were admitted to confidences which were not extended to other Powers. In the course of time, as all the world knows, this close friendship was changed into the deadliest enmity. But the change was very gradual. We find its beginning, but by no means its consummation, in the course of Mr. Froude's present volumes. On all these points, and on many others, both foreign and domestic, Mr. Froude's Simancas papers supply most valuable materials for history. But, in the form in which he has chosen to put them, we can hardly look upon them as more than materials.

Mr. Froude's treatment of the ecclesiastical portion of the history is, on the whole, one of his most unsatisfactory performances. And it is all the worse because he seems really to understand the ecclesiastical position of Elizabeth. It would, indeed, be his own fault if he did not after the brilliant description of it given in Lord Macaulay's Essay on Lord Burghley. But here steps in the great and marked difference between the two writers. Lord Macaulay had probably no more faith in any Catholic or High Church dogmas than Mr. Froude has, but he always writes calmly and decently on such matters. If he ever relaxes even into a smile about them, it is only when he is provoked by something so irresistibly ludicrous as the vagaries of Dodwell. The great points in dispute between Catholic, Anglican, and

Presbyterian he always treats with the respect due to all forms of conscientious belief. Not so Mr. Froude. He snatches with a sort of wild delight at any opportunity of sneering at the tenets and reviling the priesthood of any party. Whatever may be a man's opinions, it is not decent to talk in one page of the Anglican Prelates as the Queen's "episcopal creatures," and in the next to speak of a Catholic Archbishop as a "form of human monstrosity" (i. 420). Mr. Froude may, as an honest Presbyterian of course would, look on the consecration of a Bishop as a vain, or even a wicked ceremony; but this at least is not the way to speak of it:—

In the midst of these grave matters, a little scene had taken place in Lambeth Chapel, which must not be entirely forgotten. To some persons it has appeared an event of great, and even transcendent moment—the readjustment of the ladder between earth and heaven, by which alone Divine grace could descend on the inhabitants of these islands. To more secular minds it has seemed altogether secondary—a thing merely of this world—a convenient political arrangement.

Mr. Froude then goes on to explain the difference between a Catholic and a Protestant Bishop, which we might possibly understand if it were not darkened by talk about "waters sinking into their beds" and "the adamantine basements of the world." Mr. Froude can talk sense when he chooses, but, when he does not choose, he talks metaphor. He then goes on in a strain quite beyond us:—

The Anglican hierarchy, far unlike its rival, was a child of convulsion and compromise; it drew its life from Elizabeth's throne, and, had Elizabeth fallen, it would have crumbled into sand. The Church of England was as a limb lopped off from the Catholic trunk; it was cut away from the stream by which its vascular system had been fed; and the life of it, as an independent and corporate existence, was gone for ever. But it had been taken up and grafted upon the State. If not what it had been, it could retain the form of what it had been—the form which made it respectable, without the power which made it dangerous. The image, in its outward aspect, could be made to correspond with the parent tree; and to sustain the illusion, it was necessary to provide bishops who could appear to have inherited their powers by the approved methods, as successors of the apostles.

What is the "vascular system" of a hierarchy? What a very odd thing is a child which draws its life from a throne and has a chance of crumbling into sand! Presently this mysterious infant becomes a limb of a tree, grafted on we know not what, and when so grafted, becoming an image. Isaiah and Horace have taught us somewhat as to the manufacture of images out of trees, but then the cedar, the cypress, the oak, the ash, and the useless fig-tree, though lopped down, were not grafted again. We confess that Mr. Froude, on these occasions, sometimes reminds us of another Essay of Lord Macaulay's—namely, that which deals with Mr. Robert Montgomery. We think it was Lord Castlereagh who "launched into the feature on which the question hinged," and we once heard a preacher bid his flock pray that God would "send down the holy dove to root up the tares of sin and plant good seed in our hearts."

Now, whatever amount of meaning there is in all this has been far better and more clearly put by Lord Macaulay. There can be little doubt that, though the Marian persecution had given pure Protestantism a great lift, yet both Elizabeth herself and a large part of the English people were still essentially of Henry VIII.'s religion. The Queen would most likely have been best pleased to have left doctrine and ritual untouched, but to have made herself Pope like her father. A numerical majority of her subjects would probably have supported her in such a course. But it would have been only a numerical majority. Both divines and statesmen had learned that such a standing-ground could not be maintained. Those who, under Henry, had been zealous for it had parted company, and were now partly real Catholics and partly real Protestants. The Queen was thus driven to be Protestant, but she was determined to make her form of Protestantism as little offensive to Catholics as possible. By preserving the whole constitution of the Church, by altering as little as might be in the way of ritual, by keeping back the distinctively Protestant doctrinal articles for several years, she contrived to maintain a system to which her Catholic subjects brought themselves to conform, not indeed without frequent scruples of conscience, but certainly with very different feelings from what they would have had if constrained to attend a Huguenot *prêche*. Part of such a system was of course the regular consecration of Bishops. How far Elizabeth believed in the extreme High Church views on such matters, we cannot say; but there is at least no ground for insinuating, with Mr. Froude, that in ordering the consecration of Parker she was consciously setting up an "illusion."

Strictly constitutional history, as distinguished from foreign diplomacy, from ecclesiastical controversy, and from questions about the royal succession, has never been a strong point of Mr. Froude's. During the period with which he is now dealing, there is, indeed, comparatively little to say, but the fact that there is comparatively little to say is itself a fact of some consequence. It has at least furnished Mr. Hallam with a text for some important remarks. Mr. Froude duly records the meetings of Parliament, their legislation or attempts at legislation about the Reformation, the royal succession, and other such great matters; but the relations of Sovereign, Parliament, and people are matters on which he hardly ever dwells with any interest. We of course learn nothing from metaphors—from talk about "a vague unrest," "the underroll of the peasant insurrection," and the "large question" how to "send the fresh blood permeating healthily through the veins." It is doubtless very fine to sum up a series of legislative acts in this sententious fashion:—"These acts all indicated a recovered or recovering tone. The solid English life, after twenty years of convulsion, was regaining consistency."



This is not, however, the style of comment which Mr. Hallam gives us, and we confess that we understand Mr. Hallam's style of comment the best.

Mr. Froude is fond of saying that Elizabeth loved liberty. He is so barren on strictly constitutional matters that we do not know in what sense he intends the term. If, by liberty, he means national independence, it is doubtless true. But if he means what is commonly understood by liberty, civil or religious, the word is surely quite inappropriate when applied to Elizabeth. She was essentially an arbitrary ruler, and she grew more arbitrary as her reign advanced. It was no particular blame to her that her rule was arbitrary, and her government had much of a popular and parental kind about it. No doubt she loved her people, and desired their welfare, and took no pleasure in any sort of wanton oppression; no doubt her government was in most respects a great improvement on that of her father; no doubt she had the sense to see that an English sovereign could not venture wholly to despise constitutional forms; no doubt, in marked contrast to her Stuart successors, she knew when to yield and how to yield. Still she was as despotic as she dared to be, and her daring in that way went very considerable lengths. No doubt she was free from any wish to abuse her power as some contemporary princes abused it, but she had not the least thought of diminishing its extent, or even of strictly confining its exercise within the limits of the written law. In most respects she was a vast improvement on her father. We have not yet reached her days of persecution, and when we reach them, we shall find some shadow of provocation for even her worst cruelties. This effectually distinguishes her least justifiable executions from the wanton murders of More and Fisher and Lady Salisbury and Friar Forrest and Abbot Whiting. But to show that a ruler shrinks from stupid oppression and from wanton murder hardly amounts to proof of anything worthy to be called love of liberty. And in one important respect Elizabeth fell below her father. Let the devil have his due. King Harry was, if not always discreet, yet always straightforward and energetic in his foreign policy; Elizabeth was vacillating, parsimonious, often insincere. To conquer French towns was not the wisest of proceedings in either of them, but the spirit of the time made it pardonable and almost necessary. And if French towns were to be conquered, surely there is a wide difference between Henry's gallant conquest of Boulogne and Elizabeth's wretched pottering at Havre.

On the whole, Elizabeth falls rather than rises by a perusal of Mr. Froude's volumes. As yet she does not appear either in her worst or in her greatest aspect; but the Simancas despatches and the other materials now brought together amply reveal the small feminine side of her character. Her vacillation about her marriage is perfectly intelligible, but still it was small. She was tossed to and fro by a variety of conflicting motives, but it is the business of a great mind to weigh such motives against one another, and to make some decision and keep to it. In the end, her not marrying turned out the best policy. But it was unworthy of her to be carried backward and forward as passion or policy won the upper hand for the moment, now encouraging Robert Dudley, now trifling with Charles of Austria. Her refusal to name a successor, though in itself a weakness easily explained, is put by Mr. Froude in a clearer light than before. She preferred the hereditary title of the Queen of Scots to the Parliamentary title of Katharine Grey, but she knew that, as soon as Mary was her acknowledged successor, she would become the mark for the plots of Mary's partisans. Still this could not have been all. This great difficulty was removed by Mary's death; no one was likely to assassinate her to hasten the succession of James; yet Elizabeth's irresolution on the subject continued to the last moment of her life.

These are some of the chief, out of many other, points suggested by Mr. Froude's new volumes. A few criticisms in detail we must still reserve for a third and concluding notice.

#### THE GOLD AND SILVER COINS OF ALL COUNTRIES.\*

HAD not this work gone already into a second edition, within a very few weeks of the publication of the first issue, we should have doubted its utility and popularity, while freely admitting the completeness and excellence of its execution. For we should have been unable to say for what class or classes of readers it was designed. It is scarcely meant for the pure numismatist, and least of all for one of an archaeological turn of mind; inasmuch as, with very few exceptions, no coins are admitted into the series except such as are in actual currency, and, of those which are thus illustrated, the actual specimens are taken at random, entirely without regard to their freshness of preservation. Indeed, many of the coins here faithfully reproduced are so worn and damaged that their legends and impressions are considerably mutilated. Nor, again, is any regard paid to the artistic beauty of the design of particular coins. One mint is as good as another, and one die-sinker as expert as another, in the eyes of the compilers of this curious volume.

We gather, however, that the main object of the book is to give accurate information of the value of coins to professional cambists or other persons concerned in foreign exchanges. For such we can well conceive that the facts here recorded are highly valu-

able; although we should have supposed that even they would have learnt their trade better by the actual handling of current coins over their counter than by looking at their counterfeits in this book. The authors seem further to flatter themselves that their work will be useful to readers in general, and to travellers in particular. This we must take leave to doubt. For all ordinary purposes of literature it is quite sufficient to learn the value of particular coins from the common tables; and a tourist finds as much information as he requires from the pages of his guide-book. Indeed, we would rather consult Murray than Messrs. Martin & Trübner before encountering the perplexities of silbergroschen, guldens, marks, and thalers. The still more profound mysteries of the copper currencies, this volume, dealing as it does only with gold and silver coins, does not attempt to elucidate. Nevertheless, as we said at first, there must be a considerable public to which this volume is acceptable, or it would not have reached so soon a second edition. This success justifies us in giving some more detailed account of its plan and nature, for the sake of such readers as may take an interest in the subject. Coin-collectors, indeed, will find it very valuable as a guide to existing currencies.

The arrangement of the work is as follows. All the countries of the world which possess a gold and silver currency, even including Cochin China and Tunis, are placed in alphabetical order; and the moneys in which accounts are kept in each State are noted at the head of each subdivision. The original intention of Mr. Martin, to whom the undertaking owes its origin, was to give lithographed drawings of all the coins of each nation. The publishers suggested the substitution of the galvano-plastic process, and, the idea being favourably entertained, Mr. Charles Trübner took a share in the work, and collected nearly a thousand different coins, from which the present casts were taken. The advantage of this method is that the coins are shown in low relief, and, being coloured properly, these facsimiles are quite as good, for any purposes of study and observation, as the actual pieces of minted money from which they were taken. Every coin is represented both in face and in reverse; and to each a written description is appended, giving an account of its weight, fineness, and exact value. We are informed that the casts were produced, by means of the galvanic battery, by Messrs. Müller & Kersting; the printing being executed by Messrs. Braun & Wustlich. The process has not been before attempted in England.

The editors have spared no pains in obtaining the best information as to the intrinsic value of the particular coins which came under their notice. There is a formidable list of authorities, including English, American, German, French, Dutch, Danish, Spanish, and Italian writers. It was impossible of course for the compilers of this book to assay for themselves the several coins which it was necessary for them to describe. Accordingly, they base their calculations, as they tell us, "upon the respective mint regulations [of each country] as to weight and fineness, and upon the rates of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* per ounce of English standard gold, and of 62*d.* per ounce of English standard silver." It will be sufficient for all but regular cambists to quote here the description of a single coin, in order to show the completeness of the editors' method. Let us take the first piece of money that is engraved—the gold two-ducat piece of Francis Joseph I. of Austria, dated 1855. The weight is set down as 215.450 grains Troy (13.961 grammes), and its fineness as "B. 1. 2½ (<sup>885111</sup>/<sub>1000</sub>)."

The first part of this formula means that the coin is better than the English standard by 1 carat and 2½ carat-grains. The fraction expresses the fineness of the coin in French millèmes or thousandth parts—the difference between the numerator and the denominator representing the quantity of alloy used in the composition of the metal. Ordinary people, however, will care much less for the exact value of a coin than for its artistic beauty and its historical suggestiveness. In this point of view, it is as amusing and instructive to turn over the leaves of this book as it is to examine the well-arranged drawers of a numismatic cabinet. Messrs. Martin & Trübner would have added greatly to the interest of the work if they had printed in full, with comments and explanations, at least in difficult cases, the inscriptions of the coins which they have engraved. But this forms no part of their plan. It is nothing to them that Francis Joseph calls himself *Austriæ Imperator*; though they briefly chronicle the curious fact that the Austrian Government still "issue" for the Levant trade the Maria Theresa thaler with the date of 1780, on which she figures as Archduchess of Austria. This Levant thaler is worth 4*s.* 2½*d.*, while the Kronen-thaler is worth 4*s.* 7½*d.*, and the Species- or Conventions-thaler is equal to 4*s.* 2*d.*—a sufficiently confusing difference for one currency. The series of Belgian coins is uninteresting enough. We rather wonder that the five-centimes piece, worth one halfpenny, and composed of 250 parts of nickel and 750 of copper, finds a place in a silver coinage. Never were such odd-shaped heads as those of the three emperors who figure in the gold coinage of Brazil. Their silver coins are not honoured with the imperial effigies. In the doubloons of Central America, with their reverse of the sun shining over a range of peaked mountains, there is a certain poetry. China is represented by native dollars and taels, and Cochin China by stamped oblong pieces of silver. Denmark presents the anomaly of a species-daler of 1848, which represents the monarch who died in that year, Christian VIII., on one side, and his successor, Frederick VII., on the other. The French and Prussian coins are pretty generally known. Bavaria distinguishes on its coins the source whence its gold is derived. Four such coins are given

\* *The Current Gold and Silver Coins of all Countries, their Weight and Fineness, and their Intrinsic Value in English Money, with Facsimiles of the Coins.* By Leopold C. Martin, of Her Majesty's Stationery Office, and Charles Trübner. Second Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1863.

here, one made *ex auro Rheni*, represented as a river flowing by a minster, the others respectively from the Inn, the Isar, and the Danube. Baden also coins its ducats "aus Rheingold," and its gulden from silver dug in native mines. The moneys of Saxony are generally prosaic enough; but a thaler of the reigning monarch has rather pretty allegorical figures of Righteousness and Mercy, with a German text (Hosea x. 12) round the rim. With the exception of our own mediævalizing florin, this is almost the only coin in which we notice an attempt to escape from the old classical traditions of the glyptic art. By far the handsomest face in this royal picture-gallery is, we think, that of George V. of Hanover. It says something for the honesty of artists in this department that, as a rule, so little flattery is expended on the faces of the reigning sovereigns. Such varieties of imbecility and sensuality as are immortalized in some of the effigies of the smaller princes of Germany could scarcely have been imagined. One of these, Heinrich LXXII. of Reuss, of the Junior Branch, has his hair so carefully cut, brushed, and parted in his portraiture, that it is plain he must have employed a hairdresser to design the die. It is a positive want of charity to have given Alexander Carl of Anhalt the idiotic forehead which is shown on his coins. It would have cost nothing (one would think) to give him some brains in his minted effigy. Frankfurt-on-the-Main has two rather pretty coins; one, on which the city is rather cleverly represented; the other—a Vereins-thaler of 1861—in which a very handsome female head, in modern dress (said to be a portrait) personates the Freie Stadt, which has paid this delicate compliment to one of its daughters.

The series of British coins is very interesting. But a whole plate of five-guinea, two-guinea, and guinea pieces, besides halves and thirds of guineas, can scarcely fall within the description of current coins. The five-sovereign piece of George III. with the St. George and the Dragon is a very fine medal, though here cast from a worn impression. Few persons have seen the five-sovereign piece of Victoria, minted in 1839, on which the Queen is represented as Una with the lion. Australian sovereigns, though of the same weight and fineness as English ones, are never exchanged in full (say our authors) because they are not a legal tender. These sovereigns from the Sydney mint are of a much lighter colour than those struck in England. The legends in Arabic character on the coins of British India ought surely to have been explained. British dollars and half dollars were coined in 1818 for the African colonies, with the prosaic superscription—"Free Trade to Africa by Act of Parliament, 1760." The new coins of the Italian Kingdom have a spirited profile of King Victor Emmanuel, with the legend "Re eletto." The Papal coins, which follow, are particularly tasteless in their symbols and inscriptions. Four silver pieces, coined during the short existence of the Roman Republic in 1849, are engraved here, though they are no longer current. As late as 1836 the zecchino of Florence bore the figure of the patron saint, St. John the Baptist; and the *florino* is still impressed with the conventional lily. Under Japan the editors give us an "obang," an oval gold coin as large as one's hand, and worth about 15*l.* sterling. Perhaps the device for the reverse of the doubloons and dollars of Mexico is as mean as any. This is nothing but a nightcap of liberty in a radiating halo of glory. From Siam we have the dies of a new coinage ordered of Messrs. Heaton of Birmingham by the Siamese ambassadors in 1861. They are without merit, however, considered artistically. On the other hand, the republics of New Granada and Venezuela have chosen beautiful female heads, personating Liberty, for the face of their coins. On the reverse of the money of the former State, as indeed in those of almost all the South American republics, the cap of liberty is introduced in some form or other. This curious book ends with the United States, which Government has the unique credit of issuing fifty-dollar and dollar-pieces in an octagonal shape. A vignette of one of Mr. Chase's "greenbacks" would have been an appropriate finis-piece to this elaborate compilation.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA FINE and Mr. W. HARRISON.—On Monday, January 25, and during the Week, to commence with Levy's Popular Operetta *PAN-CHETTE*. Miss Louisa Fine, Miss Thirlwall, Messrs. H. Corri, A. Cook, J. Rouse, and W. Harrison. After which, the Grand National Fantasia, *HAMEQUIN ST. GEORGE* and the *DRAGON*. Commence at Seven. Box Office open daily from Ten till Five. *Notes*.—A grand Morning Performance of the *Pantomime* every Wednesday, at Two o'clock. Carriages to be in attendance at Half-past Four.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.** Monday next, January 25.—Violin, M. Vieuxtemps (his First Appearance this Season); Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Vocalists, Mmes. Farepa and Mr. Santley. Conductor, Mr. Benedic. *Solo*.—Stalls, 5*l.*; Balcony, 2*l.*; Admission, 1*l.*. Tickets at Chappell's & Co.'s, 40 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, 301 Regent Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 40 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

**CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—Owing to the success which has attended their recent Performances in the above Hall, the Proprietor begs to announce that they will appear for a limited number of Nights in the minor St. James's Hall, which has been elegantly decorated and furnished. Performances every Night at Eight; Wednesday and Saturday at Three. Stall Chairs, 2*l.*; Arms, 2*l.*; Gallery, 1*l.*.—Proprietor, W. Barton; Secretary, H. Bouffant.

**MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY,** will appear on Monday, February 1, at Eight, in an entirely novel Egyptian Entertainment, entitled *THE PYRAMID*, written by Shirley Brooks, Esq.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street. Stalls can now be secured.

**SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the Members is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall-mall East. Nine till Dusk. Admission, One Shilling. *JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.*

**SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE ASSOCIATION.**—A SOIREE will be held at Manchester, on FRIDAY next, the 29th instant, Lord Wharncliffe in the Chair. James Spence, Esq., of Liverpool, and other influential supporters of the cause, will be present. Further information may be obtained of the Secretary, 26 Market Street, Manchester.

**MEMORIAL to LORD CLYDE.**—Subscriptions to the above Fund may be paid at the Office, 16 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, and the Branch Bank of England, Burlington Gardens, in addition to the Bankers and Army and Navy Agents already advertised.

**BRIGHTON ELECTION.**—Mr. F. K. DUMAS' LONDON COMMITTEE ROOMS, 199 Gresham House, Old Broad Street, City, and 70 Ferny Street, St. James's. All Communications to be addressed to *Vice-Admiral BURNEY, Chairman.* Brighton Committee Rooms, Old Ship Hotel.

**HYDE ABBEY SCHOOL, WINCHESTER.**—*Head-Master,* the Rev. EDWARD FIRMINSTONE, M.A., formerly Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, assisted by resident Graduates from the Universities of Cambridge, London, and Paris. Sons of Gentlemen are prepared for the Public Schools and Universities, also for the Army, Navy, and Civil Service. Terms, Fifty and Sixty Guineas per annum. For particulars, references, and further information, apply to the Head-Master. The School re-opens on Monday, February 1.

**SCHOOL SHIP.**—The Thames Marine Officers' TRAINING SHIP "WORCESTER," moored off Erith, is managed by a Committee of London Shipowners, Merchants, and Captains. *Chairman*—HENRY GREEN, Esq., Blackwall E. *Vice-Chairman*—C. H. CHAMBERS, Esq., 4 Mincing Lane, E.C. *Treasurer*—STEPHEN CAVE, Esq., M.P., 35 Wilton Place, S.W. Respectable Boys, from the age of 12 to 15, intended for the Sea, are received on Board, and thoroughly educated for a Seafaring Life. Terms of admission, 35 Guineas per Annum. Forms and Prospectuses can be obtained on application to *W. M. BULLIVANT, Hon. Sec.,* 19 London Street, E.C.

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**CIVIL SERVICE of INDIA.**—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION of CANDIDATES will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners in June or July next. The Competition will be open to all natural-born Subjects of Her Majesty, who, on May 1 next, shall be over Eighteen and under Twenty-two years of age, and of good health and character. Copies of the Regulations may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Westminster, S.W.

**TUITION in LONDON.**—An Oxford M.A., formerly Fellow of New College, of several years' experience, prepares GENTLEMEN for direct Army Commissions and the Universities, as well as BOYS for the Public Schools.—*JOHN DUXA FOX, Esq.,* 23 Duke Street, Manchester Square, W.

**EDUCATION in DRESDEN.**—Dr. PHIL. TH. SCHLEMM, a Hanoverian, will have Vacancies at Easter for FOUR RESIDENT PUPILS, whom he undertakes to instruct in the German Language, and in Mathematics. For any extra Studies which may be desired he will provide competent Teachers. Every pains will be taken to secure the comfort of the Pupils, as well as to promote their General Improvement. Terms, exclusive of extra Teachers, 280 to 400 *l.* per annum, according to age.—Address, 17 Christian Strasse, Dresden. Boarders wishing to attend the Polytechnic or other Schools would also be received. For References apply to Mrs. W. Bancroft Holmes, Eastbourne, Sussex.

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**MESSRS. WALKER & ACKERLEY** have the honour to announce that they have received instructions to SELL, on Thursday, the 29th instant, at Twelve o'clock precisely, in their Gallery, 25 Church Street, Liverpool, the very fine Collection of PAINTINGS recently exhibited and universally admired in the Gallery of the Free Public Library and Museum, and also the choice Private Selection of similar Works in the Cabinet of Mr. Abel Bosville. The Auctioneers beg to call attention to the fact that a portion of the Pictures will be on Sale by Private Contract, and the remainder will be submitted by Public Competition on the day above-named, without Reserve; and it will be found that, altogether, this is the most important local Collection that has been sold in Liverpool for many years. Those which will be on view for Private Sale are the Five Grand Works by John Martin, which were purchased direct from the artist, namely, "The Creation," "The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah," "The Last Man," "Canute Rebuking his Flatterers," and "Arthur and Agile in the Happy Valley," and the most valuable and comprehensive production of the talents of Thomas S. Cooper, A.R.A., "The Battle of Waterloo." N.B.—To each of these Six Pictures is attached the Copyright. The whole will be on View three days prior to the Sale, when Catalogues will be ready.

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**HYDROPATHY.**—SUDBROOK PARK, RICHMOND HILL, SURREY.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. THE TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in London at the City and County Hydropathic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between One and Four.